

# Sports Illustrated



JANUARY 17, 1983 \$1.75

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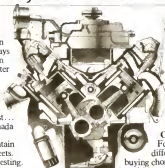
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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The first weekend of the NFL Super Bowl Tournament offered SI a chance to explore its logistical limits. With twice the number of games ever scheduled in a round of pro football playoffs, we sent eight writers, one for each game, and 16 photographers on the road. They in turn sent us some 20,000 words and, more daunting, 725 rolls of color film.

Unlike copy, which is developed in the mind and transmitted to our offices by machine, exposed film must be hand-delivered to the Time-Life color lab in New York City. As our Monday morning deadlines approach, time becomes critical. Usually a courier can collect photographers' film after a Sunday game and still catch the last commercial flight out of town. That was the case last week, except for the Atlanta-Minnesota matchup, which began too late for us to make the last flight out of the Twin Cities: A chartered jet brought back that film.

Working in teams of three or four, each photographer shot between 20 and 40 36-frame rolls per game. The eight-game glut, added to routine shipments of basketball, hockey and golf film, made for a long day in the lab. "About twice as long as normal," said Assistant Supervisor Jim Coursen. Even with two extra technicians on a "hand-line," a manual system which supplements the automated processing system, the lab didn't close till 4:30 a.m. Monday, 23½ hours after it had opened. By that time it had produced 28,872 transparencies.

At 8 a.m. Sunday, Picture Editor Barbara Henckel's staff of four editors, plus two temporaries, began "whittling it down," in Henckel's words. They assembled the best shots from each game, which were then shown to Managing Editor Gil Rogin and his aides, who chose the 17 photos that appear on pages 14 through 29.

Despite our efforts to cover Round 1

thoroughly, there was one picture we thought we hadn't got. Staff Photographer Manny Millan, in Washington for Saturday's Redskins-Detroit Lions game, found himself in perfect position to record Redskin Receiver Alvin Garrett's third touchdown catch of the day. "I shot it," said Millan. "Garrett was right in front of me with five Redskins around him in a semicircle. He started orchestrating this strange dance, and



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then they all leaped into the air—really the best picture of that game." Only then did Millan realize there was no film in his camera. "After something like that," says Millan, who in 10 years at SI has about 40 covers to his credit (including this one), "you really wonder if you shouldn't apply for a hack license." Fortunately, Staff Photographer John Iacono, shooting from the opposite side of the end zone, got the picture. He hadn't run out of film, as the photograph on page 22 attests.

*Philip D. Harbert*

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED POSTERS

Wayne Gretzky



Sugar Ray Leonard



Nike Schmidt



George Brett



Carney Lansford



Julius Erving



George Delvin



Darryl Dawkins



Magic Johnson



Larry Bird



Isiah Thomas



Joe Montana



Ken Anderson



Dan Fouts



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# BOOKTALK

By JEREMIAH TAX

**SPENSER: EX-BOXER, LIFTER, RUNNER  
AND PRIVATE EYE WHO'S A GOOD SPORT**

Over the years, in detective fiction, we have had the little old lady as private eye, the obese gourmet as private eye, the rabbi as private eye, and other distinctive types who deliver justice in their inimitable ways. Among the more recent private eyes is an athlete—Spenser. No given name. Just Spenser; creation of Robert B. Parker, and a helluva guy.

Spenser is a former professional boxer, a dedicated weightlifter, a serious long-distance jogger. He handles his cases (most of them around Boston) like an athlete: the direct approach, only rarely the end run, a certain amount of macho. This last attribute is the subject of thoughtful running debate between Spenser and his girl friend, Susan Silverman—just one of the contemporary themes that make each of the nine Spenser adventures a pertinent reflection and exposition of life in the '70s and '80s. As most athletes seem to be, too, Spenser is more than casually concerned with food and drink and sex. He prefers to prepare the food himself (a process Parker describes in lavish detail, drink Amstel beer and have Susan monogamously).

Spenser has a friend, a fellow former pug named Hawk—just Hawk—whom he calls on regularly for yeomanly assistance. Hawk, a black, is in my opinion one of the great inventions of modern fiction. He is so overpowering a character that Parker uses him very sparingly; if he didn't, Hawk would just take over every book in the series. Hawk's gigs with Susan on black-white stereotype themes are far more than merely hilarious.

You don't have to start with Spenser's first case, *The Godwulf Manuscript* (1974), but it would be a shame to miss even one. Nearly all are available in paperback (from Dell) and in hardcover (from Delacorte). The latest Spenser is *Ceremony*, not yet available in paperback. I liked *Early Autumn* best. Another in the series, *The Widening Gyre* (Delacorte, \$12.95), is due in April. Oh, you lucky devil, if you haven't read any of 'em yet.

END



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## GUNS OF JANUARY

Although almost everyone knows that the new U.S. Football League exists, nobody is quite sure yet just how genuine it is. Signing up George Allen as coach of the Chicago Blitz bolstered the league's credibility, but the fact that two USFL teams still didn't have coaches when the league held its first college draft last week kept things a bit on the dreamworld side.

Even so, Allen gave the USFL a mighty push toward being recognized as a functioning, substantial sports enterprise three days after the draft when he signed the Blitz's No. 1 choice, Ohio State Running Back Tim Spencer. Spencer is an outstanding football player, the Big Ten's rushing leader in 1982. He's the kind of solid, if underpublicized, performer who might have been offered a substantial contract by an NFL team. Yet he signed instead with the USFL. Why would he take a chance with a new, untried league?

Well, making it, for one thing. It's not easy breaking into the NFL. But as a prize catch in the USFL Spencer will be given every chance to come through; the competition for jobs won't be as intense, and it seems likely that at least his first year's salary (he signed a four-year contract with the Blitz for a reported \$800,000) is guaranteed.

Moreover, if he makes it big and plays out his four-year contract in the spring-and-summer USFL, he'll miss only three NFL seasons and, conceivably, could jump to the old league in 1986. Instead of signing now as a promising but unproved talent, he'd be signing then as an established player who could command much more advantageous terms. Also, because NFL teams will be reluctant to waste any of their 12 draft picks on players already signed by the USFL, Spencer might be a free agent who could sell his talents to the highest bidder.

Certainly, other top college players are aware of all this, and if there's to be a war between the NFL and the USFL, the signing of Spencer may be its Fort Sumter. In short, the new league has served notice that it's serious about going after and getting good players. Sure, putting good teams on the field doesn't guarantee crowds in the stands. For that, a struggling new league needs glamour: 60 years

ago the NFL needed a Red Grange, 18 years ago the AFL needed a Joe Namath. The Spencer deal may be the first step toward a showdown a year from now—when an unsigned comet named Herschel Walker appears on the horizon.

## THE HOCKEY GAP

The Russians have come. Again. For the ninth time in recent years, NHL players tested themselves against their Soviet counterparts, and for the seventh time, the NHLers failed. To many hockey fans, these meetings, especially when they take the form of midseason exhibition series as did the one concluded last week, have become a kind of pointless self-flagellation on the part of the North Americans. Not since the 1976 Canada Cup has a team of NHL players won a tournament or series against the Soviets; not one of the six midseason competitions has ended with the North Americans on top.

This year's format, pitting a Soviet all-star team against some of the best NHL clubs, appeared designed to favor the Soviets. That the well-oiled Big Red Machine won four of the six games played at Edmonton, Quebec, Montreal, Calgary, Minnesota and Philadelphia, then, was no surprise. The superiority of the Soviets isn't news.

The real lesson of this series was in its exposing the NHL's ballyhooed offensive firepower for the trigger-happy, defense-oblivious style of play that it is. The fact that the visitors outscored the home teams 24-11 demonstrated that NHL scoring, which has increased dramatically over the last five years and reached a 38-year high last season with an average of 8.03 goals per game, is less attributable to the good aim and quick wrists of today's players than to the dearth of defensive play in the league. The Soviets played six of the top seven offensive teams in the NHL, including the top two, Edmonton and Montreal. These teams have averaged 4.42 goals per game in the NHL this season; against the U.S.S.R., they scored only 1.83. All but four of the NHL's 11 goals came on power plays with a one-man advantage.

Granted, the Soviets' goaltender, Vladislav Tretiak, who had back-to-back shutouts against Quebec and Montreal,

was a factor. But the visitors' defense, which relentlessly impeded the NHLers' movement, repeatedly took the North Americans out of the action at center ice and denied them decent shots, showed that scoring can be controlled.

The point is, the art of defense isn't dead. It has simply been exiled to Russia.

## NO HANGOVER SO FAR

Thoroughbred Trainer Merritt Buxton had a filly a few years ago that finished first or second in 12 of 24 starts during her three years of racing and won more than \$150,000. A daughter of Three Martins, she was named One Is Enough.



Buxton liked One Is Enough so much that he purchased another Three Martins offspring, this one a colt, "After I bought him," Buxton told Art Grace of *The Miami News*, "I went home and had a couple martinis. I figured why not name him Two's A Plenty?" Two's A Plenty went on to win 14 races and \$282,653. Now Buxton has another Three Martins colt. "After I bought this one," he said, "I got into the martinis again. After the third one, I decided I'd had enough. So we named this colt Three's The Limit."

## WHO DEY

Early in the 1981 NFL season, when the Cincinnati Bengals were just beginning their drive to the Super Bowl, a bunch of Bengal fans sitting in the red section—

continued



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**sears**

the least expensive seats—at Riverfront Stadium began an exultant, rhythmic cry: "Who dey, who dey, who dey think gonna beat dem Bengals?"

Denton Marr, program director of WEBN, a Cincinnati rock-'n'-roll station, was, as he says, "sitting in the cheap seats, as I normally do, when a dozen or so fans started the chant. I fell in love with it." The next day at the station, Marr rounded up several people, taught them the words and recorded them in full cry, using a multitrack setup to get the effect of the stadium crowd. WEBN then popped the tape on the air with NFL scores or at almost any mention of the Bengals. In no time, "Who dey" was all the rage in Cincy. The entire crowd at Riverfront began roaring it at games. The words were flashed on the scoreboard. "Who dey" was heard in bars, at concerts, even in Cincinnati's huge old Union Terminal, where one day a group gathered to listen to it echo from the building's lofty rotunda.

Naturally, "Who dey" was seen and heard at the Silverdome last January—in the form of buttons, T-shirts, banners, hats and chant—when the Bengals lost to San Francisco in the Super Bowl. It was back this year, before and after the strike, and at the end of the regular season there was an added filip. The Hudepohl Brewing Company, which makes a popular beer known locally as Hudy, tries to stay in tune with the city. In 1976, for example, it put out a special commemorative beer can to honor the Reds for sweeping the Yankees in the World Series. Because "Hudy" sounds a lot like "Who dey," last year Cincinnati beer drinkers wondered if Hudepohl would create a special Super Bowl can for the Bengals.

The brewery didn't, for various reasons, and when the football strike threatened to wipe out the 1982 season, the chance that Cincinnati would have a beer for the Bengals seemed to be slim or none. Then came the poststrike games, the revival of Bengal hopes and the realization that the team once again had a shot at the Super Bowl. Without fanfare Hudepohl worked up beer cans decorated with black-and-orange Bengal stripes and a tiger's head, printed "Who dey think gonna beat dem Bengals" on the cans, called the brew Hu-dey-and, just before New Year's, distributed the brew in the Cincinnati area. There was no advertising, no promotion, but the results were astonishing.

"The beer is flying off the shelves," says Lee Oberlag, a brewery representative. More than 15,000 cases (100% more cases than Hudepohl usually sells) were sold the first week, and as the Bengals headed into the playoffs, demand continued to outstrip supply. Last Sunday the Jets knocked off the Bengals 44-17 (page 24), but at the brewery folks couldn't be blamed for feeling that nobody was gonna beat dat Hudepohl.

#### EVER SEE A DREAM WALKING?

Commercials have been running on Philadelphia's WTAF-TV, the station that will telecast *Philly* games, pushing season tickets. Players have appeared on the spots, and one that aired last week featured Pitcher Mike Krukow saying how great it has been for him to play baseball. One of his lines: "I'm living a dream."

So, apparently, is everybody else. A month ago Krukow was traded to San Francisco.

#### CAVALIER ATTITUDES

Ralph Sampson looms very large on the campus of the University of Virginia, and the pun, if it is one, is intended. Not only has the 7' 4" Sampson led Virginia to the heights (it's hard to avoid these words) on the basketball court, but his presence also permeates the lovely environs of The Grounds in Charlottesville. *Ralph* bumper stickers are everywhere. Basketball Coach Terry Holland has referred to University Hall, the school's sports arena, as "the house that Ralph built." Sculptor Michiel van der Sommen, who has a studio at the McGuffey Art Center in town, has worked up a preliminary study in clay for a life-size bronze of Sampson. (Edgar Allan Poe, a Virginia student of considerably earlier vintage, had to settle for a local tavern, called Poe's, as his monument—and Poe's closed down in 1981.)

Sampson's impact on the college community may have come to a head in an on-campus dispute that boiled up in November. One of Virginia's traditions is *Easters*, a huge party weekend held each April that seems to occupy the thoughts and energy of every student on campus. Dean of Students Robert T. Canevari recommended that *Easters* be banned from The Grounds, and student leaders reacted negatively. In an effort to fore-

stall the demise of *Easters*, all sorts of proposals and counterproposals were made. One of the more interesting was a suggestion by three students in a letter to *The Cavalier Daily*, the college paper, that Sampson go on strike, refusing to play basketball for Virginia unless *Easters* was retained. That would force the administration to change its tune, the students argued.

The administration refused to change its position in the face of such massive, if hypothetical, retaliation. "Our decision remains," Dean Canevari said. "This whole thing is bigger than any one person." Even if he's 7' 4".

#### MAYBE YOU COULD LOOK IT UP

Speaking of the Cavaliers, Lefty Dressell, Maryland's colorful basketball coach, sounded a little like Casey Stengel the other day as he discussed the reasons for little Chaminate's startling upset of Virginia, then No. 1 ranked, in Honolulu during the Christmas holidays. The Cavaliers were on their way back from Japan when they stumbled over Chaminate, and Dressell explained their defeat this way: "Well, you know, they probably went over there to Japan and ate a lot of squid. Then the kids went in those bath houses and let those girls walk on their backs. Then they got to Hawaii and lied out on the beach and got all tan and ate a lot of pineapple."

Anything else you'd like to know?

#### THEY SAID IT

- Joe Barry Carroll, Golden State's 7-foot center, on what it's like to grow up tall: "As a kid, I was big for my age. As I got older, I got big for anybody's age."
- Molly Brennan, Rhodes scholar from Michigan State, on sports at Oxford, where she's active in track: "I have to get used to the British system. So far, the track team hasn't had any practices, but we've met three times in pubs to get to know each other."
- Jack Sikma, Seattle SuperSonics center, after a career-high 25 rebounds against Kansas City: "I knew I had quite a few rebounds because I spent most of the night rebounding my own misses."
- Viktor Tikhonov, coach of the touring Soviet national hockey team, watching the cheerleaders at a Viking-Cowboy game: "Tell me. These women—are they wayward?"

END

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TO INNER SPACE.**

# San Diego Wouldn't Break

The Chargers showed real heart—and a big serve—in beating the Steelers in the best of the NFL's Round 1 playoffs **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

**I**t was time to lay to rest some myths about the San Diego Chargers after they came from 11 points down in the fourth quarter to beat the Pittsburgh Steelers 31-28 in the first round of the AFC playoffs Sunday.

**Myth No. 1:** The Chargers can't play in cold weather. This one was born after the Cincinnati Bengals beat them last year in the AFC title match during which the wind-chill factor hit minus 59. Well, the temperature was 33° in Three Rivers Stadium Sunday, not an Ice Bowl, certainly, but chilly enough. The day was cold, the Chargers were hot.

**Myth No. 2:** San Diego Quarterback Dan Fouts will fold under pressure. Forget it. The former Fouts, maybe, but not the Fouts of the last few years. "When he's being blitzed he hangs in there," Steeler Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert said Sunday. "He takes his beating and he doesn't flinch. He's an old-fashioned quarterback, like Bobby Layne. He's not pretty—he looks like he's going to fall down when he goes back to pass—but he gets the job done. He did a job on us today."

*continued*

With 1:07 to go, Winslow ran through Blount to score the winning touchdown on a screen pass from Fouts.







Myth No. 3: The Chargers can't run the ball. Oh yeah? Try this: Chuck Muncie sweep left, Chuck Muncie sweep right. On Sunday they outrushed the Steelers, No. 1 in the NFL against the run, 146 yards to 97, and on their winning drive, when they got the ball on

They lack character. "No matter how well we play or what we do or who we do it to, someone with a nasty pen will always get on our case," Winslow said. "Someone said it once, and then people decided they liked it and kept saying it. If they want to say we lack character, that

year by beating Miami in overtime in one of the half-dozen or so games that people call the greatest ever. And they're on their way to Round 2 against Miami this year because they beat the Steelers in Three Rivers. The last time the Steelers lost a playoff game at home was in 1972. You don't win here without character.

Now we're left with the most persistent knock: The Chargers can't play defense. This isn't a myth; it's a fact, and it's the reason why none of the defeated Steelers would pick San Diego as a potential Super Bowl champ. "The best offense in football," Lambert said. "But their defense? Well, maybe I shouldn't say anything."

The game, you see, had been shootout football, something the Steelers would have dearly loved to avoid. Pittsburgh had won its last two games with ground troops, rushing for 212 yards and then 261. "Steelers-style football," their defensive coordinator, Woody Widenhofer, said, "the best style." On Sunday against the Chargers Pittsburgh had to play tennis-style. You score on your possession, we score on ours, you hold service, we hold service. The team that breaks service, the team that actually stops a drive, has a big edge in the set.

The Chargers held service with a 91-yard drive for a field goal on their first possession. This was after James Brooks had fumbled the opening kickoff and given the Steelers a TD recovery in the end zone.

"What was your reaction to that?" Winslow was asked.

"Our reaction," he sniffed, "was to drive 91 yards."

But then the Steelers served another ace, mounting a 71-yard TD drive to take a 14-3 lead. Then San Diego held serve, with an 80-yard drive and a touchdown. Score, 14-10, your serve. The first service break went to San Diego. At 12:40 of the second period Pittsburgh was forced to punt, a rare occurrence in a game like this. (The Chargers would get off their first and only punt with 12 minutes left in the game. It's a wonder they didn't flub it: They haven't practiced the play much. In one stretch this year they'd punted only eight times in five games.)

The service breaks evened out when San Diego drove 84 yards and fumbled on the Steeler seven. Then Charger Bruce Lund intercepted Terry Bradshaw



A superb passing day for anyone else—333 yards—was merely routine for Fouts.

their own 36 with 3:59 left, they ran five times out of eight plays. The drive added up to 31 yards rushing, 28 yards passing, plus five yards on a penalty. In fact it was the threat of a run that set up the touchdown play, a 12-yard screen pass to Tight End Kellen Winslow.

Myth No. 4 (this is the meanest of all).

we're sissies, let 'em. None of them have to line up and play us."

It should be noted that the Chargers reached the playoffs three years in a row by beating, respectively, Denver, Pittsburgh and Oakland—not exactly a soft trio—in the final game of the regular season. They got to the AFC title game last

on the one-yard line and set up another long drive that ended with a TD and a 17-14 halftime lead for San Diego. The pattern was clearly set. Forget about trench warfare. This was going to be frontal assault all the way.

When the smoke cleared after the first half, this is what the San Diego offense had accomplished: It had scored on three of its four possessions, on drives of 91, 80 and 64 yards. The last one had started with 1:46 left, the Chargers getting off seven plays in only a minute and 18 seconds. The drive they didn't score on had been a mere 84 yards. San Diego's total offense in the first half had been 325 yards, and this hadn't been done against a Baltimore or a Cleveland. It had been against the Steelers in Three Rivers. Pittsburgh had sacked enemy passers 34 times this year, often using exotic and intricate blitzes, but they held back for most of the afternoon against Fouts. "Their receivers adjust to the blitz so well," said Lambert. "One missed tackle and it's curtains."

Fouts had been flawless in that first half and Wes Chandler had already rolled up 100 yards in receptions, but the Steelers were oiling a gun of their own for the second set. Terry Bradshaw, remember him? Most of his season had been spent in a blue funk. He'd sprained a shoulder against Seattle on Nov. 28. "I started side-arming the ball after that," he said. "I'd throw when my feet weren't set. Everything fell apart." The Steelers were shut out twice, something that hadn't happened to them since 1957, when a very young Earl Morrall was the quarterback and the offense was Hi-Diddle-Didle, Rogel Up the Middle. A month ago a member of the Steeler defense suggested that the offense just ought to get the ball over midfield and then try for a field goal—on first down.

But there is no tougher competitor than Bradshaw in money situations, and against San Diego he was getting time to throw and he found his groove. In the third quarter he got hot—unbelievably



Winlow looked the ball into his hands for his first TD.

hot—throwing underneath the coverage, dumping the ball off to Franco Harris, who would finish with 11 catches, letting the big guy motor. Bradshaw served

11-for-11 in that third quarter and had a career-high 14 straight, counting the last moments of the first half.

"I was reading well, not throwing particularly well all the time," he said. "Sometimes the passes felt great, sometimes they were end over end. Everything I called—well, I could tell this guy wasn't going to be covered, that guy wasn't. It was one of those games where I just saw the whole works, when I was rolling."

By the beginning of the fourth quarter Bradshaw had surpassed 300 yards—for the first time in 23 games. The Chargers had the ball only once in the third quarter, a 45-yard drive that ended a yard short of a first down on the Steeler 14. Pittsburgh had possession twice, for two long TD drives of 74 and 86 yards. Now Pittsburgh was sitting on a 28-17 lead, and if it could stop San Diego—just two service breaks—it would be home.

The Chargers got nowhere on their

*continued*



At the half, Chandler led all the receivers with seven catches and an even 100 yards.



**NFL PLAYOFFS** *continued*

first possession in the last quarter. They punted. The Steelers had the ball and their 11-point lead with 12 minutes left, and it was at this point that the game turned—for the last time. New balls, please.

Third-and-eight on the Pittsburgh 21, Bradshaw rolls right. Maybe he runs for a first down, maybe not. However, he sees Lynn Swann break clear for a moment across the field and decides to throw. The pass has nothing on it, and Cornerback Jeff Allen intercepts and takes it to the Steeler 29.

"Right to me," Allen said. "I couldn't believe it."

"God dawg!" Bradshaw said, grimacing at the memory. "I knew I should've run it. It's times like that when I wish I were a running back, a wide receiver, anything but a quarterback."

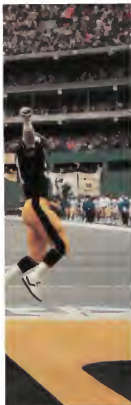
Five plays and one penalty and the Chargers had cut the lead to 28-24, the payoff coming on a quick slant and then turnback pattern to Winslow, between the clutches of Lambert and Jack Ham. Fouts was cool: The pass came on fourth-and-six, "Jack tipped the ball," Lambert said. "A few inches either way and we'd have had it."

There was 8:31 left when the Steelers got the ball again, on their own 17. They tried to grind it out, eat the clock, keep possession. Steeler football. Three Ravens

football. But the eras have changed. You don't try to stop the Chargers, you have to try to outscore them. Pittsburgh needed a touchdown to put the game away. What it ended up with was a third-and-seven on its own 44, and then a low pass to Tight End Bennie Cunningham—he swore he caught it, the official said no—and then a shanked 20-yard punt. Fouts had the ball on his own 36 with 3:59 to go. The match was on his racket.

"We just wanted to make yards," Fouts said. "Pass or run, it didn't matter. Muncie had been awesome, coming around the corner. We figured, let them try to stop him."

Muncie already had carried the ball 20 times en route to his third straight game



The Steelers exulted after Guy Ruff (number 23) scored a TD by punting in a fumble by Brooks (21) of the opening kickoff.

of more than 120 yards rushing. (His final stats: 25 carries, 126 yards.) "I was pretty exhausted," he said. "I had to come in and lay down for 20 minutes after the game. But I looked at those guys in the huddle, Doug Wilkerson, Ed White, Dan, all those great old veterans, and they just nodded at me, and Charlie Joiner said, 'O.K., big back, start rolling.'"

Four Muncie carries for 33 yards, plus a 16-yard completion to Winslow, and a penalty, and San Diego had a second-and-five at the Steeler 10. Then Robin Cole, the Pittsburgh right linebacker, decided to take matters into his own hands.



Cuttingham says he held on—with his thighs if not hands—but it was ruled a trap.

He blitzed. He guessed right, stopping Muncie for minus two. Third-and-seven. Charger time out. In the press box, Offensive Coordinator Larrye Weaver sent down a strange play—weak-side screen to Winslow, with Fouts doing a half-roll to his right and then throwing back across the field to his left.

"We'd completed it in the first half [for 18 yards]," Charger Coach Don Coryell said. "It's a play we've practiced every day for years, but we'd never called it in this situation, never in a goal-line situation. If a lineman doesn't rush or pursue Fouts, if a linebacker hangs back ... things can go wrong. But the Steelers pursue well, they hustle. I remember thinking, 'God, what a great call.'"

Cole again blitzed on his own. He flew in like a bullet. But Fouts laid the ball behind him, and Winslow rumbled in for the score, overrunning Cornerback Mel Blount on the goal line. One minute left. The Steelers couldn't come back.

"It was Cover-One, my coverage," Cole said. "I tried to make a big play on my own. Sometimes you have to gamble. I guessed wrong. They picked a good time to call that play. The only way I could have stopped it would have been to jump 20 feet in the air."

"Do I think they'll win the Super Bowl? No, I don't," Bradshaw said afterward. "Their offense, yes. Their defense, no. But I'll tell you, if America gets in another war, I'll send San Diego out to run

our offense. Air power, bombs, those big tanks on the line. Who'd stop them?"

"I don't remember the last time I was in a game like this. At one time I looked up on the scoreboard and saw my stats and I thought it was a mistake."

"But if the Chargers do get in the Super Bowl, look out NFC. I'd like to see 'em in it, just to watch them. They sure are pretty, aren't they?"

END



Stallworth's eight catches, including this one-armed handstand job, made 116 yards.

## Bottoms Up! These Redskins Are Tops

by STEVE WULF

Outside of Joe Thesmann's Restaurant in Falls Church, Va. on Saturday night, people were waiting to get inside to order a Number Seven sandwich for \$3.75 (roast beef, Swiss cheese, cole slaw and Russian dressing). Inside, Joe Thesmann, the restaurateur, was sitting at a back table with family and friends. Thesmann raised his glass.

"Here's to our continued success. To

money in our pockets. And to rings on our fingers."

"And bells on our toes," chimed in Mark Moseley.

"And to straightening out our field-goal kicker," added Thesmann.

Only two hours before, the Washington Redskins had beaten the Detroit Lions 31-7 in one of the NFL's opening

playoff games, and towns were indeed in order. To Alvin Garrett, the wide receiver who caught three touchdown passes. To Jeris White, who intercepted two passes, one of which he returned 77 yards for a touchdown. To John Riggins, who rushed for 119 yards and single-handedly brought back the straight-arm. To Joe Gibbs, the Bible scholar and coach who is leading the Redskins to the Promised



Land. To Kicker Moseley, although he actually missed a field goal, which means he has made good on only 83 of the 92 points he's been asked to put through the uprights this season. To the 55,045 ticket buyers, not a single no-show among them, who subjected the Lions to the sound and fury of RFK Stadium. To Bobby Beathard, general manager; to owner Jack Kent Cooke, to Lego Lamb, assistant equipment manager.

Has anybody been left out? Oh, yes. To Joe Theismann, disc jockey, camera salesman, holder for Moseley and quar-

terback of the Redskins. No. 7 completed 14 of 19 passes for 210 yards in a performance as appetizing as the roast beef in one of his sandwiches.

So cheers for all the sons of Washington, who are now 17-4 since their 0-5 start in 1981. By virtue of their 8-1 regular-season record, best in the NFC, the Redskins will play at home right up to the Super Bowl if they keep on winning. That's comforting news in Washington, because the team has lost only one post-season game in D.C.: the 1940 championship, 73-0 to the Bears. Of course, there have been only three other post-season games in the capital.

Maybe that's why the Redskins don't inspire the awe befitting the NFC's second-ranked defense and fourth-ranked offense. "They're not a great team," said Detroit Coach Monte Clark before Saturday's game. Afterward he insisted, "I still feel the same way."

Early last week Theismann got an inspirational telegram he shared with his teammates: I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE NOT GETTING ANY RESPECT. GOOD LUCK. RODNEY DANGERFIELD.

In the opening minutes of the game, the skeptics were saying I told you so as Detroit drove with ease to the Redskin 21. But Billy Sims fumbled, and Linebacker Rich Milot recovered. Washington had to punt after only four plays, and the Lions were on the move again. They reached the Redskin 23 where, on third and four, Quarterback Eric Hipple tried to hit Sims in the flat. But White stepped in front of Sims, tipped and then caught the ball and ran untouched for the score. "All the way downfield, I kept thinking there's got to be a flag," said White. "When I got to the end zone, I sort of looked around to see if everything was O.K. 'Hey,' I said to myself, 'it's a touchdown.'"

The defense gave Washington another scoring opportunity minutes later. Hipple was separated from the ball on a blind-side blitz by Cornerback Vernon Dean, and Tackle Darryl Grant covered it. The Redskins got a 26-yard field goal from Moseley out of that turnover.

In the second quarter the 5' 7" Garrett became a very big man. Garrett had caught only one pass all year, but because Art Monk, the team's best receiver, broke his foot in the last regular-season game, against St. Louis, the Setback, as Theismann calls Garrett, was pressed into service. On a third-and-19 from the Lion 21, rookie Cornerback Bruce McNorton was playing Garrett tight. Garrett put a move on him and executed what the Redskins call a Fade, running away from McNorton into the left front corner of the end zone. Theismann put the ball over his shoulder, and the Redskins had six.

Two possessions later, Washington was faced with a third-and-six, again on the 21. Darned if Garrett didn't beat McNorton with the same exact move—in fact, he beat him even worse. "I like that one-on-one stuff," said Garrett.

Two teams were once foolish enough to let Garrett go before the Redskins picked him up in November of '81. The Chargers drafted him in the ninth round in '79 out of Angelo State, but made him the last cut in training camp, although he impressed San Diego's offensive coordinator at the time, Joe Gibbs. The Giants picked him up in '80, but waived him last year after he missed a tackle against the Redskins. "The minute I saw him on the waiver wire, I claimed him," says Gibbs. "He does so many things: receive, return punts and kicks, go down on special teams. In fact, he's sometimes captain of our special teams. You should see him fly down the field and make tackles."

Washington put the game out of reach in the first minutes of the third quarter. The offense rode Riggins deep into Lion territory, and on third and eight from the 27, Theismann yet again found Garrett, who had beaten rookie Bobby Watkins on an out pattern on the right side. After the touchdown, a funny thing happened. A group of five of the Redskins' receivers got together in the end zone and performed this little ritual they'd been rehearsing all week. First they formed a circle. Then they crossed their arms in front of their chests. They put their arms down. They crossed them again. Then, in perfectly timed leaps, they slapped hands. They call it the Fun Bunch Five.

"We wanted to come up with a little something extra in the playoffs for the

continued

On the second of Garrett's three TDs, as on the first, he beat McNorton by a neck.



The Redskins' Fun Bunch got five high at a gathering after Garrett's third touchdown.

want the ball on Saturday." So we gave it to him." Riggins carried 25 times, for 4.8 yards a carry, against the best rushing defense in the league. In the fourth quarter Riggins leveled two unfortunate defensive backs on a 25-yard rumble that helped set up a 42-yard field-goal attempt by Moseley. Moseley missed (gasp!) wide right.

Moseley, an 11-year veteran who dug septic tanks before the Redskins found him, is now the most decorated place-kicker in history. He even won the AP's league MVP award this season, something no kicker had ever done. "I never dreamed this would happen," says Moseley. "I don't even have a bonus clause in my contract for MVP."

Moseley has done wonders for straight-ahead kicking. "The shoe people tell me that sales are way up on square-toe kicking shoes," says the 10½B.

Only last September, Moseley was fighting for his job. But Gibbs decided to keep him over rookie Dan Miller, and off went Moseley to a record streak of 23 consecutive field goals, in rain and snow and from as far away as 48 yards. Says Gibbs, "It's almost like we have a patent on winning. Just keep it close and let Mark kick the field goals."

Moseley gives a lot of credit to Punter Jeff Hayes for taking over the kickoff duties. "Usually, at this time of year, everything aches—legs, hips, foot. But this year I feel great. Kicking off takes so much out of you." Redskin fans should remember that the next time they think about booing Hayes, as they did for his punting on Saturday.

The Redskins players graciously pass along praise to teammates. This bucket brigade of compliments is part of the family atmosphere that Gibbs has fostered. In a way, last season's 0-5 start was a help because the Redskins came out of the adversity together. The relationship between coach and quarterback was a little rocky until Theismann paid a

surprise visit to Gibbs one night to clear the air, and they both began to believe in each other.

After those first five games Gibbs decided to go to the one-back, two-tight-end offense he had designed at San Diego. Alternating Riggins and Joe Washington as the single set back, the Redskins began to move the ball. "The formation does two basic things," says Gibbs. "In this day of 3-4 defenses, it's tough to control those outside linebackers, but it's a lot easier if you put a big man in front of them—I'd rather have a tight end instead of [5' 10", 179-pound] Joe Washington blocking for Riggins. The second thing is that you can use your tight ends in a variety of ways, like we did with Kellen Winslow in San Diego."

Gibbs, 42, is well aware that the ball works in mysterious ways. He's a born-again Christian, as well as being a former national 35-and-over racquetball champion and the son of a North Carolina sheriff. During the strike he taught Bible study classes to troubled teen-agers in the inner city. "I find inspiration from the Bible all the time," he says. In Chapter 35, Verse 9 of the Book of Isaiah, he

#### NFL PLAYOFFS continued

fans and to give us incentive to get in the end zone," said Tight End Rick Walker, founder of the Fun Bunch. "The crossed arms stand for brotherhood. Actually, we wanted to do it after Alvin's first touchdown, but he forgot about it. He forgot after the second touchdown, too. We made sure that he didn't forget after the last one."

"All week long Alvin and I kept each other motivated. This is the truth. I said to him, 'If you don't come up with two or three touchdowns, I'm going to be real disappointed.' Well, I'm not disappointed in him at all."

Said Theismann, "Any word short of 'great' wouldn't do Alvin justice." For the day, Garrett had six catches, equalling his previous career total, for 110 yards.

A slightly larger thorn in the Lions' paw, at least in stature, was the 33-year-old, 6' 2", 230-pound Riggins, the Steve Carlton of pro football. "John doesn't usually talk to me, either," said Gibbs. "But on Thursday he came up and said, 'I



The closemouthed Riggins let his legs do the talking; he ran 25 times for 119 yards.



might have found a playoff tip: "No lion shall be there."

Indeed the Lions felt a little guilty about qualifying for the tournament with a 4-5 record. "We're Number Eight! We're Number Eight!" Clark chanted after the Lions beat Green Bay two weeks ago to squeak into the playoffs.

But then this had been a strange season all the way around for Detroit. Sims staged a holdout in training camp. Punter Tom Skladany and Kicker Ed Murray walked out together, got the bum's rush when they tried to walk back in together, and were finally, and reluctantly, accepted. Owner William Clay Ford called the team "a ragtag operation all the way around," and All-Pro Tackle Keith Dorney accused some of his teammates of not trying hard enough. Injuries and incompetence decimated the defensive secondary. And nobody knew who the quarterback was, unless it was some guy named Hipple's son.

Only one Lion win came in a game in which Hipple or Gary Danielson played the whole time. For the playoffs, Clark chose Hipple. "A gut decision," said Clark, whose gut is too big to ignore.

For a short while, a very short while, it looked as if Clark had made the right move. But then came three fumbles and two interceptions, dropped passes galore and a touchdown called back because of holding. Whenever the defense tried to gamble with a blitz, Theismann picked it up and burned the Lions.

On defense, the Redskins held Sims to just 19 yards on six carries. Last year, in a wild 33-31 Washington victory, Sims had rushed for 159 yards as the Lions rolled up 499 yards of total offense. This time, except for Hipple's scrambles, Detroit's running game was stopped cold, thanks in large part to 295-pound Defensive Tackle Dave Butz. With the Lions threatening at the Redskin five in the second quarter, Butz forced Sims' second fumble. "I don't think he expected me to put 250 pounds on his chest," said Butz. "It had a good effect." De-



White made his second interception in the end zone.

tron's only score came on a 15-yard pass from Hipple to Tight End David Hill in the third quarter.

Despite the drubbing, the Lions remained unconvinced of the invincibility of the Redskins. Said All-Pro Defensive Tackle Doug English, "You know the expression, 'We didn't get beat, we just ran out of time.' Well, I'd like to line up and play them again right now. They're not a 31-7 better team than we are."

The Redskins are getting quite used to this lack of respect. Even some of their own fans, who are mired in the past, have their doubts. As Theismann was sitting at his table in Joe Theismann's, a pink-faced man in a Redskins ski cap came up to shake his hand.

"Do you know I've been to every Redskins game since 1964?" said the fan. "And I want to tell you something. I'm a Sonny man. I loved Sonny Jurgesen. But Joe, I've got to tell you. You're . . . you're . . . you're . . . you're all right, Joe."

"Thank you very much," said Theismann.





McNeil weaved through the Bengal defense for 202 yards rushing and threw a TD pass.

NFL PLAYOFFS *continued*

## Sweet 16? It'll Never Be Missed

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

**T**he early returns read more like the results of referenda on dumping Ed Garvey than NFL playoff scores. Washington 31-7, Green Bay 41-16, Miami 28-13, Los Angeles 27-10. This pro football playoff business—Super Bowl Tournament, Round of 16, conference quarterfinals, regional semifinals, Stanley Cup playoffs, whatever—didn't seem capable of producing a winning margin of less than two touchdowns. By throwing open its postseason party to a saccharine Sweet 16 that included two teams with losing records, the league was admitting that you simply can't do the requisite

weeding out in a nine-game season. If the NFL really has parity, Saturday's results were parody. Every host team, every favorite won easily.

And then came Sunday. Like the lady sang: *Sunday will never be the same.* Instead of routs, we got Fouts, America trailed Tampa Bay with eight minutes left before winning. The Vikings were awfully kindly hosts before barely downing Atlanta. And the Jets gave us Neil, McNeil and a 44-17 bouncing of the favored Bengals in Cincy that was actually a game for three quarters.

"A better question would be, Where doesn't it hurt?" said Cincinnati Quarterback Ken Anderson of the pounding he took against New York, whose Sack Exchange treated him as a particularly active share. He was nailed four times, intercepted thrice and forced from the game twice. For their part, the Jets' linebackers and secondary, knowing that more than 80% of Anderson's completions are for 10 yards or less, dared him to go long. Cheating up, Nickel Back Johnny Lynn stepped in front of an Anderson pass at the Jet one when the Bengals had a 14-10 lead in the first half, and Free

Safety Darrell Ray ran back another interception 98 yards for the score that put the game away.

The defensive front was especially bullish, even without Exchange partner Joe Klecko, who had been rushed back from a knee injury but appeared in only four plays. Kenny Neil, a Cincinnati native, played with walking pneumonia and made seven stops in Klecko's stead. Said Defensive End Mark Gastineau, whose late hit accounted for one of Anderson's trips to the sidelines, "Quarterbacks don't wear skirts."

The Jets' Richard Todd could have; he was hardly touched, throwing 28 times and completing 20 for 269 yards and one touchdown. So could NFL rushing-champ Freeman McNeil in his bit role as a passer. He threw 14 yards on an option to Derrick Gaffney for the first New York touchdown and rushed for 202 yards and another touchdown on 21 carries. Of McNeil's offensive show, Coach Walt Michaels said, "I always said if I had a cannon I'd fire it. Today I had one. I fired it." McNeil called Todd "a great man and a great general." Neil, Captain Pneumonia, got the game ball, to hear the

Jets tell it, it probably should have been a purple heart.

The most generous purple heart belonged to the Vikings, who treated Atlanta lavishly in their 30-24 win. Minnesota allowed the three Falcon touchdowns on a blocked punt, a fake field goal and an interception return, and late in the fourth quarter found itself down 24-23 after a 41-yard field goal by Atlanta's Mick Luckhurst, a sometime rugger in his native England who had scooted 17 yards with a lateral from Mike Morosko, the holder, on the phantom field goal. But Running Back Ted Brown, carrying five times on the Vikings' final drive, went over from the five with 1:44 left, and Defensive Back John Turner's second interception off Steve Bartkowski extinguished Atlanta 47 seconds later.

Brown and Turner were nearly hors de combat for the last two minutes. Brown had aggravated a pinched nerve in his shoulder during the first half and temporarily left the game. Turner injured his right ankle and was rushed the two blocks to the Metropolitan Medical Center just before the half. Fitted with a special cast for a slight sprain, he missed just five minutes of action.

The Vikes played before a crowd whipped up by a 38-year-old former high school electronics teacher who beat a loud drum, and a banner which read THE PURPLE PEOPLE-EATERS ARE BACK. Could be, Minnesota's defensive line contained Falcon Fullback William Andrews (48 yards on 11 carries), and so pressured Bartkowski that he didn't complete a pass until the second quarter and finished 9 for 23. But Nose Tackle Charlie Johnson wanted no part of resurrecting the People-Eater tag of yore. "We don't want a name," he said. "When you start getting names, you start putting contracts out on yourself."

Dallas Safety Monty (Big Game) Hunter likes his name just fine. "I hope it sticks," he said after his 19-yard touchdown return of an intercepted Doug Williams' pass helped the Cowboys stave off Tampa Bay 30-17. "The only way to make a name for yourself is to come up with a big game now and then." Hunter's moment came soon after the Bucs had gone up 17-16 on Gordon Jones's spectacular 40-yard dash with a nine-yard pass. Williams was trying to hit Wide Receiver Kevin House, but his throw didn't

continued



Allen hurtled and hurdled for 147 total yards and scored twice against the Browns.



Tommy Kramer helped foil the Falcons by throwing for 253 yards and two scores.

After his 20-yard touchdown catch, Lofton gave Packer fans reason to get high.



#### NFL PLAYOFFS *continued*

have enough left. Hunter, a fourth-round draft choice out of Salem College in West Virginia, made a leaping grab. The rookie had worn Coach Tom Landry's dog tag for oversleeping on Saturday and missing a 9:30 a.m. team meeting.

Cowboy Quarterback Danny White could have used some extra sleep. As if a grotesquely swollen thumb that kept him out of two practices wasn't enough, a toothache roused him at 3 a.m. Sunday. He took a shot of Novocain for the tooth before the game. "The best medication for pain is adrenaline," he said after providing much of the remedy himself. White set team playoff records for passes (45) and completions (27) and threw for TDs to running backs Ron Springs and Timmy Newsome on bootleg rollouts. He said his thumb led to two Tampa Bay touchdowns: one when the ball slipped out of his hand and Buc Linebacker Hugh Green plucked it from the air and went 60 yards for a score, and another when Safety Mark Cotney returned an interception 50 yards to set up Bill Caprice's 32-yard field goal. When the Novocain he'd gotten from the dentist wore off, the tooth pained White more than the thumb.

The previous day's games were painfully one-sided. After the Dolphins thumped New England, there was no suppressing the comparisons—of David Woodley to Bob Griese, of Andra Franklin to Larry Csonka, of a defense with only one Pro Bowl member to the No-Name Defense, and of Don Shula the Elder to Shula the Younger. "We have more no-names than the No-Names," said Dolphin Linebacker Earnest Rhone, whose six tackles helped the NFL's top defense keep the Patriots out of the end zone until the fourth quarter. Franklin, the 5' 10", 225-pound fullback Shula calls "a throwback to Csonka," rumbled for 112 yards on 26 carries. And Woodley, the rollout artist—who studied last season under Griese, a quarterback as fond of the pocket as a kangaroo joey—was nearly perfect: 19 attempts, 16 completions, 246 yards, two TD passes, no interceptions.

Woodley mixed a little Griese with his own kid stuff. Early in the second quarter, pocket-bound, he threw 35 yards to Tight End Joe Rose, who made a diving catch at the New England 40. Seven

plays later, from the two, he rolled right to find another tight end, Bruce Hardy, in the end zone for Miami's first score. On the Dolphins' next possession Woodley kept a drive alive on third-and-six with a 16-yard bootleg, then threw a drop-back pass 36 yards to Duane Harris, who made a spinning catch. Two plays later Franklin cooed over from the line.

New England tends to cover backs and tight ends man-to-man with linebackers, so 11 of Woodley's completions were to Rose, Hardy (who caught another two-yard rollout pass for Miami's final TD) and running backs Rich Dineen and Tony Nathan. Nathan began the game with a hangover from a mild concussion suffered the week before; he left it with the offensive game ball after catching five passes for 68 yards and running 12 times for another 71. "I realized it was a hunger headache," he said. Nathan's five catches were exactly five more than Stanley Morgan, New England's top receiver, made against the Dolphin secondary.

To Shula's chagrin, Miami owner Joe Robbie added an unexpected wrinkle to the Dolphin game plan. To commemorate the Pats' 3-0 defeat of the Dolphins in blizzardy Foxboro on Dec. 12, he had a truck dump five tons of man-made snow in a corner of the end zone. Shortly before the kickoff a man in jailhouse stripes astride a snowplow arrived to remind Dolphin fans how a convict on work-release had cleared a spot at Coach Ron Meyer's behest so the Pats' John Smith could kick the game-winner. A second man, on a lawn mower, was on hand for Miami's Uwe von Schamann, in case he wanted the turf trimmed for a late field-goal attempt. "I don't want anything to do with what happened," said Shula afterward. "I don't want to be associated with it."

The Packers also had a small family squabble, and it was St. Louis' misfortune to visit Green Bay on the day it got ironed out. John Jefferson, the touchdown man, hadn't scored all season, and after Green Bay lost 27-24 to Detroit in its final game on Jan. 2, J.J. tipped into Coach Bart Starr and Offensive Coordinator Bob Schnelker. The Packer offense was too conservative, he said, and didn't involve enough people—like John Jefferson, for instance.

At least two teammates found Mr. Jefferson's declarations too independent. "J.J. still makes mistakes on his routes,"

*continued*



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*Photographed at Stanley Glacier, Kootenay National Park, Canada.*

said one. "He doesn't know the plays." Added Quarterback Lynn Dickey, "Our offense isn't geared to San Diego's type of attack. We're not geared to the pass." But in the Packers' romp past St. Louis, Dickey did some placating with his play calling. He threw six of his 17 completions and two of his four touchdown passes to Jefferson. J.J. juiced past Cornerback Carl Allen to grab a 60-yarder for the Packers' first TD, caught 17- and 39-yard passes on Green Bay's next two scoring drives and a seven-yard toss late in the third that put the Pack up 38-9.

"We run the same plays against every team," said Packer Wide Receiver James Lofton, who caught a 20-yard touchdown pass. "The difference today was that St. Louis's defense stunk." Green Bay's wasn't much better, allowing 453 yards. But the Pack defense was in an ornery mood. The Cards had second-and-goal at the one on their first possession, yet had to settle for Neil O'Donoghue's 18-yard field goal. St. Louis Quarterback Neil Lomax had his best passing stats as a pro—32 of 51 for 385 yards and two TDs—but suffered five sacks and two interceptions. And a Packer reserve tight end named Gary Lewis was a big-play boy, blocking a point after and a 44-yard field-goal try. At least one of the Packers thought panty hose, which several Green Bay defenders wore under their uniform pants in the 20° weather, kept them from playing pantywaist defense. "I had a run in mine that was three or four inches, and that really made me mad," said Packer Defensive End Casey Merrill.

Cleveland Brown Coach Sam Rutigliano's three-point plan to make a run at the top-seeded Los Angeles Raiders came down to stopping (1) the special teams, (2) Cliff Branch and (3) Marcus Allen. L.A.'s Cle Montgomery ran the opening kickoff only back to his own 21. (So far, so good.) On the first play from scrimmage, Raider Quarterback Jim Plunkert found Branch, his split end, for 64 yards over the middle, setting up Chris Bahr's 27-yard field goal. (Scratch point 2.) And before the afternoon was over, Allen had run for 72 yards, caught six passes for 75 more and scored two touchdowns. (Scratch point 3; game to the Raiders.)

Franklin, whom Shula calls "a throwback to Csonka," pounded out 112 yards rushing.



The Cowboys' Tony Dorsett ran for 110 yards, but his longest pickup was just nine.

On Allen's first touchdown, a two-yard sweep in the second quarter, he put a boogie move on Brown Safety Mark Kafentz, who never touched him and was left behind on his knees with his hands raised to the sky in frustration. "Marcus has what I call controlled momentum," moaned Brown Linebacker Chip Banks, a former teammate of Allen's at USC. "He sees the defense form, and then he takes it apart."

Even with their defensive strategy torn to shreds, the Browns trailed just 13-10 at the half. Quarterback Paul McDonald had passed to Split End Ricky Feacher on a 43-yard scoring bomb, and Matt Baer had swapped field goals with his brother. When Cleveland drove to the Los Angeles 14 on its first possession of the third

quarter, McDonald sent Charles White up the middle on first-and-10. But Defensive End Lyle Alzado, whom the Browns traded to the Raiders during the off-season, hit White with a bark-stripping tackle. Jeff Barnes recovered White's fumble, and Allen handled the ball on seven of the dozen plays it took for L.A. to go 89 yards, for a touchdown and a 20-10 lead. Allen ran that one in, too, from three yards out. Raider Fullback Frank Hawkins' fourth-quarter, one-yard plunge ended the homecoming for five Southern Cal-bred Browns. Said Raider Coach Tom Flores, who is now 5-0 in postseason play, "Well, we had the Horse today."

In fact the Raiders may have the horses to go all the way.

END



**I**t was to be a show-us-what-you-got kind of game, one of those intersectional tales of two leagues, styles and coaching philosophies, not to mention the ultimate talent- and pride-check for the visiting boys from Syracuse, who came into the Charlotte Coliseum last Saturday night undefeated and fairly unimpressed with the rejuvenation of North Carolina. But what it turned out to be was just another showcase for the Tar

Heels' marvelous 6'6" swingman, Michael Jordan; just another deb party for their 6'11" freshman, Brad Daugherty; and a blowout for the defending national champions. The Tar Heels squeezed the Orange dry, sending the 12th-ranked invaders from The Big East back to

snow country with an 87-64 licking.

With the curly-haired Canadian, 6'8" Leo Rautins—the most spectacular passer in college—running the show, Syracuse had roared past 11 opponents while shooting better than 56% and averaging more than 90 points a game. But that was

After a dismal start, NCAA champ North Carolina has won seven straight, the latest over then-unbeaten Syracuse  
**by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

## The Heels Are Alive And Kicking





against competition largely unacquainted with the word defense.

For all the Dean Smith mystique and four-corners mumbo jumbo, Carolina has always won on its defense—traps and zones, runs-and-jumps, mixups and scrambles. It was the defense that had bailed the team out of its early season malaise, while it struggled to keep its Heels above the Tar. And it was the defense that most worried Rautins and Coach Jim Boeheim. "We know we're playing against a reputation, a tradition and a huge name here, but we're not in awe or anything," said the senior known as White Magic. "I just hope I can read their changing defenses."

Rautins accomplished that for a while. His clever passing set up easy buckets that kept the Orange even with North Carolina through the first half (in 35-35 tie) and put it ahead early in the second. Two minutes into the half, Syracuse had a 40-36 lead with possession. But here's how solid an impact the Tar Heels' suffocating defenses and newly developed power game had made; here's how explosive the Carolina attack had become: At precisely this juncture, Boeheim actually considered ordering his team into its delay game.

Granted, the smaller Orangemen were being swallowed on the boards—they ultimately lost the rebound battle 43-28. And they were having an equally miserable time with the refs—Syracuse would commit 33 fouls, four players would foul out and the team would be outscored from the line 37-10. But hold the ball on the road with 18 minutes left? "We couldn't cope with the two 7-footers [Daugherty and 6' 9"-plus Sam Perkins] any longer," said Forward Tony Bruin.

That Syracuse was unable to go into its delay game was primarily a result of the work of the 17-year-old Daugherty, who may be a worthy successor after all to the departed James, who now plays for the Lakers. First Daugherty blocked a driving jumper by Erich Santifer, whose 24 points turned out to be Syracuse's only offense. Shortly, Daugherty drew a couple of fouls and made three free throws. Then he banked a lay-in. Later

he blocked and intimidated several more shots. Somewhere in there another tender freshman, Guard Steve Hale, converted a three-point play after a gutsy, spinning fast-break drive through heavy traffic. In four minutes Carolina went from 36-40 to 51-43. After Santifer cut the lead to five points with 13:15 to play, Jordan started hitting from the corners, which effectively caved the roof in on Syracuse. Four straight Tar Heel baskets made it 59-46, and the Orange never got closer than nine points again.

It wasn't simply Jordan's 18 points and seven rebounds or Daugherty's 15 and nine (in only the third start of his brief career) that were so impressive. Again, it was defense that turned the contest into a rout. Theirs and the team's.

Once Jordan blocked a Gene Waldron jump shot from behind. Another time he blocked, then caught in midair a Bruin jumper—and Bruin is one of the storied leapers in the country. In the man-to-man, Jordan guarded Rautins. Perkins had Bruin and Daugherty covered the rest of Mecklenburg County. As a result, Rautins and Bruin, who had been combining for 15 baskets a game, didn't make their ages in shooting percentage. Together they made four of 21 (19.0%).

"I knew they were a smart team," Rautins said, "but I didn't think anybody could stop our running game like that. We played right into their hands."

It wasn't as if Syracuse hadn't recognized the peril of taking on Carolina. "Dean has found all the answers," Boeheim said on Friday. "I think North Carolina will win the ACC or come very close. And they're still solid contenders for the NCAA. We don't have to win to prove we're good. Nobody expects us to win. How many teams from outside the ACC have come into the state and beaten North Carolina? One? Two?"

Discounting Pennsylvania's shocking upset of the Tar Heels in the first round of the 1979 NCAA tournament, only five times since 1967 has that feat been accomplished in regular-season play, and two of those defeats were by Furman, a nearby South Carolina school that has lots of crowd support for its annual game against UNC in Charlotte. Indeed, the 1978-79 Magic Johnson Michigan States and the 1980-81 Isiah Thomas Indiana's loss to Carolina in Carolina before go-

ing on to win the national championship.

Conversely, another bit of history shows that if one is going to get the Tar Heels, one should get them now, inasmuch as the team had quickly joined the roll call of NCAA champions who fell from grace in defense of their title. Post-UCLA dynasty, only one champion



Daugherty is off the pine and doing fine.

has been able to sustain the glory the morning after. The scenarios for teams following their championship seasons have been downright eerie: Indiana in 1976-77—started the season 5-5, finished 14-13; Kentucky in 1978-79—started 6-7; Michigan State in 1979-80—started 5-2 but lost seven of the last eight and finished 12-15; Louisville in 1980-81—started 0-3 and 3-7; Indiana in 1981-82—started 6-5. Only Marquette in 1977-78 put together a consistent season, but then the Warriors lost to

*continued*

Jordan, who had 18 points, led Carolina right by Waldron and the other defenders.

Miami of Ohio in the first round of the NCAA tournament.

This season North Carolina's woes began when the team missed six one-and-one free-throw opportunities late in its opening game against St. John's and lost 78-74 in overtime. The Tar Heels' preparedness, the envy of Smith's peers, is based on dogged teaching in the preseason and an early schedule that is routinely the toughest in the land. Michigan State Coach Jud Heathcote has said that teams should avoid Carolina at all costs

were also hurt and fell far behind.

It was a semi-miracle that Carolina didn't begin 0-4. After losing to St. John's and Missouri, the Tar Heels got a dazzling, loose-ball pickup and blind turnaround desperation 24-foot heave shot by Jordan in the final four seconds to tie Tulane before they won in triple overtime. And only an inventive collapse by LSU—which led 21-9 at intermission—brought victory over the Tigers. Following a loss at Tulsa, the champions' record was 3-3.



Hustling Heels like Braddock and Doherty squeezed the Orange all around the floor.

in December because Smith has his team "so far ahead of everybody else."

But this time Smith may have overscheduled. Five of the first six opponents (and 11 of the first 15) went to postseason tournaments last season, and Carolina was playing four of them away from home. What's more, five key players had been injured during preseason workouts, inhibiting the learning process. Besides Perkins missing 15 days with a knee injury and Jordan suffering a broken wrist, freshmen Daugherty and Curtis Hamer and 6' 11" sophomore Warren Martin

Smith was nonplused. "My one fear was that the team would concentrate on the won-lost and not realize the strength of the teams we were playing," he said.

Says Jordan, "Losing started to set in. I hated it. Questions pop into your mind, like when is losing going to end?" And this from a confident young man who would see his NCAA championship-winning shot in New Orleans memorialized on the cover of the Chapel Hill-Carboro telephone directory.

Having misplaced his shooting touch, senior Matt Doherty whiffed on 31 of 47

shots through the first six games. Perkins seemed to be coasting when he wasn't being double-teamed inside, he was rudely outplayed by Missouri's Steve Stipanovich. Daugherty hadn't matured enough defensively to earn a position among the starters, whose rebounding was in disarray. Thus, Jordan and Doherty had to play out of position, at small and big forward, respectively.

Then there was the thrilling soap opera in backcourt. Critics were calling for the scalp of the inconsistent Jimmy Braddock. Meanwhile, Hale, the rookie heir apparent to last year's point guard, Jimmy Black, languished on the bench. On Dec. 21, however, Braddock may have turned the whole season around for himself, as well as his team, with a sterling floor game in his hometown of Chattanooga as the Tar Heels beat the juggernaut of the Southern Conference, Tennessee-Chattanooga, 73-66. It was exactly the confidence-builder Carolina needed before a trip to Hawaii, where the Tar Heels drubbed the Rainbow Classic field, avenging their loss to Missouri in the finals, 73-58. This time Perkins dominated Stipanovich 24 points to 12, and 13 rebounds to five.

Slumbering Sam hadn't fallen into a trance after all. Braddock hadn't thrown any passes into the Banza Pipeline. The team hadn't panicked. And Daugherty was finally starting, enabling Jordan and Doherty to move back to their natural positions of big guard and small forward.

Last week the Tar Heels were back in the SE Top 20 at No. 14 and ready for Syracuse. In a torturous practice the night before the game, Smith was caustic. "What do I have to do, beg?" he snapped at Daugherty, who had moved up an in-hounds play. Later, it was Syracuse that begged Daugherty for mercy. "He seems to be the difference," Boehm said of Daugherty. "Without Brad, Carolina wasn't big. They were searching. They weren't a team to be reckoned with. Now they're as good as anybody."

In the other locker room, where he charmed and yessir-ed the media, Daugherty seemed unaware of his own importance. "I'm not trying to replace Worthy," he said. "Like Coach says, I'm replacing Sam, and Sam's replacing Worthy. I'll never be a James Worthy . . . or a Sam Perkins. I'm just trying to be me." And because he is, the national champions are now 10-3 and playing like, well, national champions.

END



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Johan Kriek is the world's 12th-ranked tennis player in spite of his penchant for tanking matches, baiting umpires and breaking things

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**



The sun is shining and U.S. 41, Florida's Tamiami Trail, is being eaten up in huge gulps by a yellow Porsche 930 Turbo. Johan Kriek is hitting 100 mph in third gear, his usual cruising speed, feeling good about life—the endorsements, the victories, the bridges burned, the latest umpire zapped. Kriek has fine, flowing hair and a classically chiseled profile. Perhaps a fluttering silk scarf would add a bit of panache. But no, that might overdo it. Spoil the effect.

Kriek, 24, has as good a grip on his life-style as he does on the steering wheel. On the tennis court he is part rabbit, part bull, making impossible gets and hitting spectacular shots. He is also part pugilist, intimidating and menacing. Off the court, he's just as dishing. A native of South Africa now living in Naples, Fla., Kriek has two Porsches (he has owned as many as four at the same time), a Jeep, a 1965 Corvette Sting Ray, an 18-foot Ski Nautique power boat, a 27-foot Chris-Craft Stinger and a wife, Tish, who could have walked out of the pages of *Vogue*. The Krieks live in a big house with great white pillars and a circular driveway. When strangers call at the front door and 22-year-old Tish answers, they ask, "Is your mother home?" From atop a flagpole in the front yard hangs a symbol of what has been responsible for all this opulence—a tennis shoe.

Kriek, who qualified for next week's



Grand Prix Masters for the first time, is the 12th-ranked player in the world and the winner of the Australian Open, one of the four Grand Slam events, for the past two years. Given this evidence, one might suppose that he has come to terms with the sport. No way. He has a chip on his shoulder that would make a hunchback of Arnold Schwarzenegger. Kriek argues with officials, glowers at fans, crows bull boys. He slams balls in anger, tanks, boycotts awards ceremonies, an-

tagonizes players and accumulates fines and suspensions as if they were going out of style. In 1982 he led the pro tour in fines, with \$11,500, and twice was suspended for 21 days. In many respects, he makes John McEnroe, who was nicked for a mere \$2,800 last year, and the Jimmy Connors of yesteryear look almost like choirboys.

In a second-round match against Victor Amaya at the U.S. Open last September, Kriek appealed a call to the umpire,

Adrian Clark, but his complaint was ignored. On the changeover Kriek strode by the umpire's chair and shook it. Clark is a large, round man, and from his perch he couldn't see what was going on almost directly beneath him. What had happened, Clark wondered? An earthquake? Finally, the light dawning, Clark leaned over and called to Kriek, "That won't help you."

"Tennis," says Kriek, "gets in the way of having fun."

## I'm An Animal Out There



Kriek roars around the Everglades in his Jeep, going after baby wild hogs barehanded. He zips over the bays and inlets around Naples on water skis. And he disdains practice with the confidence of a man possessing supreme talent. Money is not among his worries. "I know I'm going to be a millionaire," he says. "I don't even think about it." His tournament earnings last year were about half a million dollars. He has a clothing deal with Ellesse, the Italian sportswear company. Rossignol puts out a racket with his autograph. His name is on Superga shoes. The money comes in handy. The Pirelli P7 tires on his Porsches cost \$275 apiece. He has an insatiable appetite for adventure and excitement. "If there's a chance he can kill himself doing something, he wants to try," says Tish.

Kriek first made a name for himself in 1978, when he emerged from the muck and mire of the satellite circuit and reached the quarterfinals of the U.S. Open. That was only the third Grand Prix event of his career. Since then, there have been a lot of ups and a lot of downs. "The graph on Johan goes like this," says Joey Gratto, a friend of Kriek's in Naples. Gratto makes a gesture suggesting a mountain range. The peaks include the

*continued*

Off the court, as Kato knows, Kriek can be very, very good, but on it he can be horrid.

two Australian Opens, the U.S. Indoors, which Kriek won last February, and the WCT California Classic in August. In that tournament he defeated Roscoe Tanner 6-0, 4-6, 6-0, 6-4 in the final, and took home \$100,000. But oh, the valleys. Five times in his first nine tournaments of 1982 Kriek lost in the first round. Trey Waltke, ranked No. 157, and Eddie Edwards, No. 154, both defeated him. Last summer at the Hall of Fame Championships in Newport, Kriek, who was the first seed and defending champion, lost to Ndika Odzor of Nigeria, the world's 77th-ranked player, in the second round, after leading 5-0 in the final set.

While winning Newport in '81, Kriek bashed a big hole in the locker-room wall

on the tour. But he scatters spectators with hopeless shots and averages nearly five double faults a match. "He reminds me of a race-car driver," says fellow pro Peter Rennett, who was once his doubles partner. "He has that intense look about him. It's almost a macho thing. He loves to live dangerously."

Sometimes Kriek seems amazed at his own behavior. "I do say some outrageous things, but I don't mean them," he says. "Baseball, that's the game I love. Fifty guys come running out of the dugouts and get in a free-for-all. It's great! Then the umpires. The players throw dirt on them! They spit on them! Can you imagine me doing something like that? If I spit on an umpire, I'd be barred for life.

phs, Kosten gave him a warning for yelling an obscenity. Kriek claimed he hadn't said anything off-color, and was defiantly heading for the locker room when a friend intercepted him and talked him into completing the match. Kriek went on to upset McEnroe in the final.

In March Kriek drew an automatic 21-day suspension from Grand Prix tournaments for accumulating more than \$5,000 in fines. He appealed one of the penalties and it was reduced, which put him under the limit, but he told tour officials he wanted to be suspended anyway, and they complied. Says Kriek, "That way I could start over with a clean slate. I'm a 'schizo' when it comes to tennis. On the court I'm like an animal. I've got



Kriek's pad and a trio of Porsches: a 1979 930 Turbo, a 1974 911 and a 1982 928.

with his racket. In '82 other players waited expectantly in the locker room, having stuck a large bull's-eye on the wall to give Kriek something to aim at. Following his loss to Odzor, Kriek walked in, his face white with anger. With every eye on him, he collected his rackets and left.

Players hardly ever beat Kriek; he'd rather beat himself. "I don't know the meaning of the word 'choke,'" he says. "I never play the percentages. I could get 80% of my first serves in, but everybody would return them. So I gun it, get a couple of aces and get in 35%."

Kriek's overhead and volley also are fierce, and he may be the fastest player

Someday I'm going to do something really outrageous at Wimbledon. Like they do in baseball. Right before Princess Di."

Like the little girl with the little curl right in the middle of her forehead, Kriek, when he isn't being horrid, can be very, very good with tennis officials. "I like him," says Herb Kosten, an umpire from Memphis. "He's not like some of the players who turn their backs on you when you are introduced before a match. With Johan it's, 'Nice to meet you, sir. Let's have a good match.'" Kosten was in the chair early last year when Kriek almost walked away from one of his most important tournament victories. With Kriek leading Tim Gullikson in the second round of the U.S. Indoors in Mem-

pho no respect for anyone. People hate me for what I am on the court."

At times Kriek seems more interested in skipping out than in playing. Shortly before the WCT Tournament of Champions at Forest Hills last May, he was on the telephone trying to contact his doubles partner, Tracy Delatte, who was ranked 496th in singles and 69th in doubles. Kriek wanted to default the doubles because he simply didn't feel like playing tennis that day. Failing to reach Delatte, he played, and they won, earning Kriek \$9,000 and reinforcing the opinion of Rennett, who says, "If you play doubles with Johan, there's only a 50-50 chance he'll show up. But if he does, there's a 50-50 chance you'll win the tournament."



Knack believes in enjoying the roses while he may.

In singles Knack is even more unpredictable. Knack smashes the ball. His opponent floats it back. Knack creams the next one. The ball is wafted back. Knack strokes it into the fence. Steam curls out of his ears. He twists his racket. "It's time to go fishing!" he yells. In the stands, Tish starts thinking about packing. The Knack Tank, a classic, is under way. He will lose very quickly.

"Something snaps in me," he says. "I don't want to play anymore. Afterward I get mad at myself. No one can talk to me. And the next day I don't feel like showing my face. I feel guilty. I feel terrible. And yet it happens."

The Knack Tank never was better performed than in Tulsa last May at the Bank of Oklahoma Tennis Classic, an eight-man event. Against John Sadri in the semis, Knack won the first set 7-6 but then began questioning line calls. The crowd responded with jeers. Knack quickly lost the next two sets 6-0, 6-0.

Knack can't understand how players can knock themselves out week in and week out, actually trying. He mimics what he calls the "burnout" cases, putting on a glazed and doltish stare. "Johan isn't going to burn out," says Tish. "Half the time he doesn't even go out there to play. In 1981 he must have tanked nine straight weeks. I told him I wasn't going to stay on the tour and put up with that stuff. I had to blackmail him. Now he's better."

"I don't tank in big tournaments," says

Knack. This helps explain his ranking as well as his record at the U.S. Open, in which he has reached the semis once and the quarters twice in the past five years, and at Wimbledon, in which he made the quarters last summer and in 1981. Before taking the court against top-seeded Bjorn Borg in the semis at the 1980 U.S. Open, Knack said, "He will have to kill me to beat me." With a dazzling display of speed, touch and power, Knack reeled off the first two sets 6-4, 6-4. Then, in one of the sport's most dramatic reversals, Borg grew steadier and Knack suddenly started missing. Borg won the next three sets 6-1, 6-1, 6-1.

In 1981 Knack lost 6-2, 6-1 to Mel Purcell at the U.S. Pro Indoor Championships in Philadelphia. On match point, Knack slammed a serve return into the stands and stormed off the court, passing only long enough to stuff his rackets into a garbage can. In the locker room, another player, Freddy McNaught, was sitting by a blackboard when he was startled by a crashing noise. Knack had put his fist through the blackboard. He then walked a mile through the icy January night back to his hotel.

There Knack wrote a letter to Tim Gullikson, his doubles partner in Philly. Recalls Gullikson, "The letter said, 'This is a lousy game and a lousy way to make a living, and I can't do it anymore. You're going to be mad and I'm sorry, but it's

something I have to do.' Then he slipped it under my door early in the morning. The next day I saw him checking out of the hotel."

Can this be the same fellow who is courteous, thoughtful and mannerly away from tennis? Who is loved by his friends and respected by his neighbors? Who at a testimonial dinner given for him last April by the Naples Bath and Tennis Club delivered a moving 90-minute speech? One of Knack's favorite pastimes is tending the flowers and shrubs around his home. He sweeps his driveway every day and cares for a yard full of stray cats, several of which once set up housekeeping behind the Knack clothes dryer. As for full-time pets, he and Tish have two dogs, Barfy, a Lhasa apso, and TP, a Yorkshire terrier, and a loquacious parrot named Kato.

Knack enjoys leading a secluded life in Naples. The ATP doesn't even know his phone number; for a time, the one on file there was answered by a voice that said, "Naples Solar Control." Knack changes his number frequently, and his neighbors understand because in Naples privacy is cherished. The town is a haven for millionaires, but it has its share of rednecks as well. The two breeds co-exist, swollen checkbooks alongside swollen cheeks, with neither side infringing on the other's territory.

One afternoon last spring Knack had to visit his bank. He needed \$25,000 to buy a boat, and the bank didn't want to give him the money over the phone.

"Johan, can you step in here a minute," a bank official called soothingly as Knack, wearing running shorts, a faded

continued



On the tour, as she is most of the time, Tish enjoys a quiet dinner with Johan in Hawaii.

T shirt and sandals, walked by his office "I told them to give you whatever you want," he said. "We'll get it done today." Five minutes later Kriek was strolling out the door with his check for \$25,000.

One Kriek trait that sometimes causes difficulty is his bluntness. When the man who was selling him the new boat asked what he had as a trade-in, Kriek replied, referring to the 21-foot Glasdon CV-23 that he owned, "A submarine. The bloody thing has been sunk twice."

Tish was not amused when she heard what her husband had said. "Oh Yo!" she complained. "Now he won't take the boat. I wish you wouldn't be so honest."

Kriek grew up on a sugar plantation in the remote Afrikaner farming community of Pongola, where Saturday night entertainment consisted of a movie brought in by truck. His father, George, who had been one of the best rugby players in South Africa, was paralyzed in a farming accident in 1965 but continued to run the plantation. Kriek was an accomplished athlete as a kid, playing rugby and running sprints. But he liked tennis best, even though the South African Tennis Federation did not pay his way to junior tournaments. In Kriek's view, he was passed over, at least in part, because he was an Afrikaner, of Dutch descent. Much of the federation and most of the country's top players were of English extraction.

With or without his country's blessing, Kriek was determined to pursue tennis. "He always knew he could be a great player," says Dave Creighton, a teaching pro who played doubles with Kriek when they were teen-agers. "People used to laugh at him, but he was sure. He was never scared of losing. I remember in one of his first pro tournaments, in England, he lost 6-1, 6-1 to Roscoe Tanner. He came back and said, 'I can beat him.' We thought he was crazy." Says Kriek, "Everybody else was losing to Tanner 6-0, 6-0. At least I got some games."

In 1976, at age 17, Kriek left South Africa for Austria, where he worked on his game and supported himself by teaching tennis. He was beginning to burn his bridges. Last summer he became a U.S. citizen. This winter he returned to South Africa for a series of exhibition matches

as well as the South African Open, and was severely criticized by the media for having left his native country.

After spending a year and a half on the European satellite circuit, Kriek came to the U.S. in 1978 with a world ranking of 217. By year's end he had vaulted to No. 27. His third week here he met Tish in Bonita Beach, Fla., where she was watching a satellite tournament in which Kriek was playing. They went to a McDonald's one of their first times together, and Kriek, impoverished but gallant as always, insisted on paying. The next week he won a tournament and \$1,500. He took half the money and bought Tish



Kriek tubes along at 30 knots behind his 27-foot Chris-Craft.

a necklace. "He always spent money on other people, even when he didn't have any," she says. They were married July 14, 1979.

Not surprisingly, in light of his spikiness on the court, the Krieks make their own way on the circuit. She calls her small group of friends "the un-clone." But being popular on the tour doesn't particularly interest Kriek, who thinks the life-styles of some of the pros are at least as bizarre as his own. "I can't believe the guys and drugs," he says. "I figure if you've got to stuff something up your nose, or put some pills in your stomach to get through the day, you're pretty bad off. You ought to take a gun and end it all."

So far Kriek has had no trouble getting through his days without the one thing some tennis observers think could be his: the world's No. 1 ranking.

Even Kriek recognizes that he has squandered his talent. Hank Jungle, a

tennis coach in Fort Myers, Fla., who has worked with Kriek, often preaches to him on the subject. "A player who is No. 12 and who is happy, pretty soon he's going to be No. 20 and then No. 30," says Jungle. "The way to get ahead is to shoot for the top." Jungle, who began helping Kriek in mid-1980, also has given him specific advice. Most important, he adjusted Kriek's forehand, enabling him to hit the stroke with more top spin, and smoothed out his service motion.

Kriek has talent—not the sort given in dribs and drabs to the middle range of athletes, but the authentic stuff ladled out to a select few—and it has taken him to

No. 12 almost in his spare time. As intense and contentious as he can be while playing tennis is often far from his mind. Sometimes he goes for weeks without picking up a racket. He doesn't jog. He eats whatever is put before him.

In September 1981 Kriek and McEnroe were flying in a helicopter on their way to a tennis club outside of Nice, France, where they were to play an exhibition. The conversation was amiable. Suddenly, as they approached the club, a change came over McEnroe. Below, a crush of people were waiting for No. 1. Kriek could sense McEnroe changing from regular guy into superstar.

When the chopper touched down, McEnroe bounded out and was swept away by the crowd—Linda had landed. Kriek wanted to shout, "Wait for me!" Instead, he just stood there, bewildered and ignored.

Kriek sometimes wonders if he might be better off staying where he is. He's already well off. Maybe it's so important to be famous as well. "I look at some of the guys at the very top, and they always seem to be moping around," he says. "A lot goes into getting to be No. 1. In Naples, I'm happy with my life. You get to be No. 1, you have to share things with everybody. You don't have time to be yourself. The other thing is the work. I can't play tennis if I don't feel like it. I play best when I'm eager. If I'm not, I might as well not be out there. Maybe if I practiced more I could be No. 1, but would I be happy? Actually, I should put it this way: If I never become No. 1, I know I'll still be happy."



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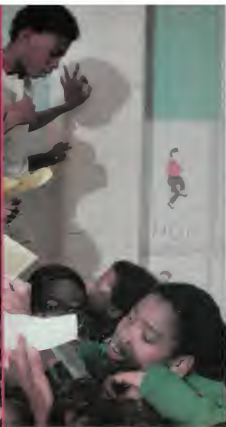
Keith Lee of top-ranked Memphis State is the biggest thing to hit town since Elvis Presley **by RICK TELANDER**

## **He Ain't A Hound Dog**

When Elvis died in 1977, Memphis got the blues. The river city Andrew Jackson had named after the capital of ancient Egypt suddenly had no soul. "Even people who didn't appreciate Presley's music were part of the mourning," says William Morris, mayor of Shelby County, Tenn., in which Memphis is situated. "For a long time Elvis and the Mississippi River were the only things we had."

But Memphis was on the move by the late '70s, trying to shake its plantation image for a modern, high-tech look. "Going from cotton to computers," says Morris. So Memphis needed a figurehead, somebody who could show the entire nation that the city was united and serious. Elvis wouldn't have done, anyway. Too dated, too gross. Something sleek was needed.

Enter, if you will, Keith Lee, who makes sleek look fat.



Standing there now outside the Memphis State University field house, sophomore Lee, 6' 10", perhaps 196 pounds, seems absorbed in his hands, huge appendages that dangle limply at the end of preposterously long and skinny arms. When they put a statue of Lee down on Beale Street, next to the one of Elvis, they'll need struts to hold up the globes of metal at the ends. As for being a figurehead, Lee says, "I don't think about things like that. I'm just a basketball player trying to play the best I can." So, on the statue's plaque, they can say he is modest.

Then they can quote others:

"It's hard to express what he has meant to the city and the school," says Memphis State Athletic Director Charles Cavagnaro. "Before this season even started we had a Hoop It Up Day in a mall in a lily-white part of Memphis.

*continued*

and four or five thousand people came out to see Keith and the team. When the season ended last year, we had a rally in a minority neighborhood in south Memphis and three thousand people mobbed the team. A security service had to protect the players from the crush of humanity. People wanted to see Keith Lee and touch him and be near him."

"For years Memphis has lacked a national and international identity," says Mayor Morris. "We've been divided by strikes and by things that happened in the '60s, by low income and the assassination of Martin Luther King. But now there's a revitalization going on, of the city and the people. Downtown, Beale Street, the Peabody Hotel, Mud Island—we're trying to develop Memphis into a business and cultural center for the entire mid-South. And Keith Lee and the Memphis State team have been the most prominent catalyst for the community. The success of the team is bringing legislators and city, county and university officials together on projects, a rare thing, believe me. Poor and rich, black and white—the team makes us all feel a lot better. And publicity. If you're in New York or somewhere and you hear about Memphis State, you're going to be thinking about our city."

Ah, yes, amateur basketball. Maybe Keith Lee studies his hands because so much is in them. Disregarding civic worth, just think of his dollar value to his school. "Well, we've had a waiting list for season tickets since the '72-'73 season, when Larry Kenon came in," says MSU Ticket Manager Phil Cannon. "But I guess if we had the space we could probably sell an additional 5,000 season tickets, at between \$93 and \$110 a seat, just because of Keith." This is why city and county officials have approved a \$20 million renovation of the Mid-South Coliseum, MSU's home court, to raise seating capacity from 11,200 to nearly 19,000. State officials are almost certain to concur.

A figurehead—especially a bony figurehead—could crumble under such re-



If the Tigers are way up, Kirk lets Lee fire from anywhere.

sponsibility, but Keith Lee just ambles along, eating Reese's Peanut Butter Cups, doing his thing and keeping quiet. The honors he reaped last year—everything they award in the Metro Conference, including Player of the Year and Tournament MVP, Freshman of the Year; first team All-America—mean little to him. That he can shoot, pass, rebound and block shots with consummate skill—all that is likewise unimpressive to Lee, who deep inside would rather be a point guard.

"I used to think about being short and doing the dribbling and ball handling," he says wistfully, "but I can't go back. Still, assists are the most satisfying part of the game for me. I'd rather try to hit the open man than shoot. What the headlines turn out to be, well, that's up to the press."

They usually turn out to be about Keith Lee. Last season he was the only freshman in the nation to have double-figure averages in both scoring (18.3) and rebounding (11.0). He also finished second in the nation in blocked shots with 102, ahead of both Ralph Sampson and

Patrick Ewing. At week's end Memphis State was 11-0 and ranked No. 1 by SI, and Lee was averaging 18.3 points, 10.9 rebounds, 3.4 blocked shots and 2.5 assists per game.

Behind Lee the MSU Tigers won the Metro Conference last year for the first time ever and had a 24-5 overall record, the team's best since 1973. Memphis State lost to Villanova in the semifinals of the NCAA East regional tournament, but, as usual, its most wrenching games were played against conference foe and archrival Louisville. Lee dominated those contests, averaging 25.7 points and 12.7 rebounds, and Memphis State won two of three. "He's the best player in our league and he might be as good as anybody in any league," said Louisville Coach Denay Crum after the last game.

If all goes well the Tigers will be 22-0 when they meet Louisville at home for the first time this season, on Feb. 19. The city of Memphis may need a collective sedating by then. For a town that has been jilted by big-time sports—Memphis WFL and ABA teams folded when their leagues went under; the NBA, NFL and major league baseball always expand elsewhere—Tiger basketball has become a civic up, proof that the whole community matters. "Keith Lee has given us that dimension of class," says Cavagnaro. "You can't buy it, you can't order it. You couldn't even have dreamed it."

Though the Tigers went 13-14 each of the two years before he arrived, Lee hasn't been working alone. Bensenville Holmes, a 6'7" freshman forward with great potential who is the Tigers' sixth man, came to Memphis State largely because of Lee. "I'm from Memphis and I watched a lot of games last year and I like the way Keith was so unselfish," he says. "I knew I'd be playing with a player, not a dummy."

Holmes also knew he'd be playing for a coach with a fanatical drive to win. "If there are 900 horses in a race and I'm riding a donkey, I still think I can win," says Dana Kirk, who's been at the helm of the Tigers since 1979. Kirk has won by em-

phrasing the recruitment of local talent—nine of the 12 players on this year's team, including Lee and three other starters, are from the Memphis area. Kirk also had the good sense after three games last year to move 6' 5" leaper Bobby Parks of Grand Junction from guard to swingman and to start 6' 3" Phillip (Doom) Haynes of Memphis at shooting guard.

Since the muscular Haynes, who got his nickname from "killing guys" in touch football games in grammar school, has been a regular, the Tigers have won 34 of 37. In 1980 Kirk instituted Memphis State's fierce full-court matchup press, a kamikaze defense that terrifies opponents into the dumbest turnovers. Of course, the biggest thing Kirk did was garner Lee. As a senior at West Memphis High School across the river in Arkansas, Lee pledged himself to Arkansas State. This didn't thrill the University of Arkansas, which likes to think of itself as that state's only major college. Having heard rumors about recruiting indiscretions at Arkansas State, Razorback Athletic Director Frank Broyles called the NCAA and asked it to investigate. Members of the Arkansas athletic staff then made certain Lee knew his prospective college was sure to go on probation after the investigation. When Lee didn't show up at a press conference to sign with Arkansas State, rumor had it that Memphis State had leaped into the void and "kidnapped" him.

After the dust settled, Arkansas State was on probation, Arkansas was empty-handed and Lee had surfaced at Memphis State. Kirk hadn't hogtied the player, he had merely promised him he could play forward for the Tigers, a position Lee vastly prefers to center. Broyles is still touchy about his role in the affair, calling it "a very sensitive thing" that "developed into a range war." Does Kirk appreciate Broyles's indirect role in delivering Lee? "I didn't send him a letter jacket, if that's what you mean," says the coach.

Memphis State's women's team is playing Jackson State in the MSU

field house, and Lee is watching the game from the stands. Lee is particularly interested in No. 21 for the Lady Tigers, who has just dished out another assist. The player is 5' 8" senior Point Guard Duane Jones, perhaps the finest playmaker in women's basketball. A native of Bolivar, Tenn., Jones was MVP in the 1978 Tennessee high school state tournament and MVP of the 1981 National Junior college All-Star game while attending Jackson State (Tenn.) J.C. On Sept. 4, 1982, Keith and Duane announced their engagement. They met during a game of two-on-two in 1981, and each has been the better for it. "I don't just talk to anybody," the reserved Lee explains to digging reporters. "And I don't, either." Duane will add softly, but they talk to each other, sharing confidences and hurts. Both of Jones's parents are dead, and Lee, who has an older sister and a younger brother, was raised by his mother, who is now all "Keith gives me a feeling of security," says Jones. "And a lot of things he's going through I can help him with. My mother died of cancer when I was 12. It almost seems like Keith and I were meant to be together."

Jones and Lee each have a child as a result of earlier relationships—Lee's daughter lives with her mother in West Memphis, Jones's son lives with her older brother in Whiteville. Jones will graduate in June with a degree in marketing, but she'll try to find a job in Memphis "to stay beside Keith." And of their potential for genetically blessed offspring, she says, "If it's a boy, I want him to play ball like

Keith. And if it's a girl, I want her to be at least six feet tall, and still play like Keith."

During a time-out a man walks up to Lee and says, "O.K., how long you gonna stay in school?" It's a question that Lee hears wherever he goes.

"I'm leaning on staying," he says.

"Come on," says the man. "Denny Crum says that if he were Keith Lee he'd turn pro right now."

But Lee apparently is sincere about going the distance at MSU. A secondary education major with a B+ average, he says, "I've known guys who've gotten messed up by pro ball and had nothing to fall back on. I don't want that happening to me." Avarice isn't a compelling motive for Lee, who rooms with teammate Aaron Price in the MSU athletic dorm and spends any extra money he has on his daughter. Nor is Duane Jones pushing for the NBA lot. "I want him to get his degree," she says. "The reason he wants to play pro ball, anyway, isn't for the money. It's just to play with good players."

That sound you hear is 650,000 Memphians exhaling.

During Lee's junior and senior years in high school his team won 60 consecutive games and back-to-back state championships. The 60 in a row established an Arkansas record. The head coach at West Memphis High, Bill Terwilliger, passed out on the bench at last year's state tournament, telling people later, "There's a shock going to state without Keith Lee."

Lee had good preparation in high school. Everyone talks about how skinny he is now at age 20, but as a teen-ager he was a stork's leg. Nevertheless, each day in practice he lined up against a rugged teammate named Michael Cage. The 6' 9", 225-pound Cage now plays for San Diego State and at the end of last week he led the NCAA in rebounding. It also helped that Terwilliger made his big men do ball-handling drills designed for guards.

Indeed, Lee's nimble hands—"gentle and

*continued*

Courting on the court comes naturally for Lee and his fiancée, Jones.



quick yet powerful," says Terwilliger—are probably his greatest asset. Against Ball State this season Lee grabbed a rebound and dribbled the length of the floor before beginning a right-handed pass to Center Derrick Phillips breaking from the left. But instead of giving it off to Phillips, he abruptly flipped the ball in mid-motion to Bobby Parks on the right side for a layup. It may not sound like much, but as one witness described the pass later, "It was impossible, a screwball of some kind."

Great peripheral vision, great timing, great touch, great "floor awareness," as

Marty Blake, director of scouting services for the NBA, isn't bothered by Lee's weight, either. "What is 'strength'?" What is "ready?" Blake says. "I think Keith Lee has the frame to play at 220. But if he doesn't, so what? Look at Louis Orr and Jamaal Wilkes—they're doing O.K. in the NBA, and they're skinny. I don't see any weaknesses in Keith right now. But I'd like to see him stay in school. I think Ralph Sampson showed that it can help anybody."

Lee plays with a peculiar staff-legged, loose-armed style that is his form of abandon. Sometimes on the wing, sometimes underneath, sometimes at the high post, he's likely to do anything. Against East Tennessee State this season he sank five consecutive jump shots from 20 feet or farther. Against West Texas State he had 17 rebounds. Against Ball State he had six assists. And he's always blocking shots. "He's like Lwung," says Assistant Coach Larry Finch, who played on Memphis State's last great team, the 1973 NCAA runners-up. "Just his presence helps you win."

This season's starting squad is well balanced, getting all-around floor play from Haynes and Parks, muscle from the 6'9", 225-pound Phillips, and whippet speed from freshman Point Guard Andre Turner. It is hard to say what kind of game strategy works best against the Tigers, though gangling up on Lee isn't one of them. He'll simply pass off, and as Kirk says, "We've got other players who'll appear in the NBA."

If Lee has any shortcomings they are his defense, where his lack of weight becomes a disadvantage, and a sort of adolescent mischievousness he occasionally displays during practices and dull games. Terwilliger recalls how he once had to piddle Lee for not hustling in practice. Early this season Lee raised Kirk's hackles by letting fly with a 45-foot jumper in the second half of the Wyoming game. The Tigers were leading at the time 61-40. "I thought I could make it," Lee

said later. After a while he amended that. "The name of the game is having fun," he said. "You should do what the coach tells you, but if you can't have fun, it's like a job. And it's not supposed to be a job, is it?" No, it's not. And Kirk has even told Lee he can take the shot again, when the Tigers are up by 30.

"The most important things to me are God, my family and basketball," Lee says. "I mean, put school in there before basketball. And when I say family, that includes Diane."

But this is the 10th anniversary of the 1973 team, and Memphians are wild for a big winner. Even though no tickets are available for Memphis State games, people seek them. One man has offered to donate \$15,000 to the basketball program in exchange for two season tickets in the "golden circle" area of the arena. "He'll give the money anyway," says Cavagnara. "But we'll never get him seats. There's no way." Dick Hackett, the recently elected mayor of the city of Memphis, told a reporter, "One of the reasons I ran for mayor was to get season tickets to Memphis State games." "He's telling the truth," says ticket manager Cannon. "He was on our waiting list."

Kirk tries to downplay MSU's prospects for the Final Four, pointing out that the team has a relatively weak bench, an untested point guard and is in the unaccustomed and unwanted role of the "hunted" rather than "hunter." But it doesn't work. The Tigers are for real and, at least at home, where they've won 26 in a row, nearly invincible. During games in the Mid-South Coliseum a bare-chested, buffalo-headed fanatic known as the Medicine Man jumps up and down behind the backboard whenever an opponent tries a free throw. It's an amusing, albeit unimposing, act, but it doesn't occur all that often because referees seem terrified to call fouls on Kirk's team. After his Wyoming team was outshot 35 to 3 from the stripe, Coach Jim Brandenburg started to newsmen, "I don't want to talk to anybody in Memphis."

Opponents must understand that something that means so much to a whole populace isn't going to be surrendered gracefully. Though they may want a piece of the Memphis Thin Man, they'd do well to remember a line by the late Memphis Fat Man, "If you're lookin' for trouble," Elvis sang in *King Creole*, "you came to the right place."



Mayors Hackett and Morris enjoy the spoils of office.

Kirk calls it—Lee has them all. He's even a remarkable free-throw shooter, having made 25 in a row at one point this season and having a 79.2% career mark. Rare delicacy for a big man. But is Lee really a big man? "What he is," says Kirk, "is a finesse player. He'll play center for us occasionally, but I wouldn't put him in there on the block, in the tug-of-war."

Lee has tried to gain weight and did, in fact, climb above 200 pounds last spring. But mononucleosis wiped out the gain last summer. "It doesn't bother me," says Lee, who seems to move through life as placidly as he glides across the court. "I like the size I am. I don't eat that much of anything, except for Peanut Butter Cups."



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by Jack Falla

sion feed to Boston shows the predictable split-screen, stop-action shot of the brothers. WSBK analyst and former Bruins John Pearson offers the widely held appraisal of Mark. Pearson describes him as a player with "a ton of talent but who has never reached the pinnacle some people thought he would."

That assessment would seem to give short shrift to a player who has been voted an All-Star at two different positions in two different leagues and who, despite an injury that nearly ended his career, has averaged 66 points and 49 assists in three NHL seasons. As a measure of Howe's overall efficiency, he had, as of Sunday, the best plus-minus rating on the Flyers, a +23. He also ranked sixth among the league's defensemen in scoring with 13 goals and 22 assists.

But when Mark's considerable accomplishments are stacked up alongside his father's unparalleled achievements—1,071 goals and 2,599 points in 2,421 games over a 32-year career in the NHL and the WHA—Mark's attainments pale by comparison. Consequently, as the more talented of Gordie Howe's two hockey-playing sons (the youngest Howe offspring, 22-year-old Murray, is a student at the University of Michigan Medical School), Mark has long been viewed primarily as a good man for keeping his father's name alive.

"All the boys felt the pressure," says their mother, Colleen, "but I think Mark,

got used to it. But no matter what I accomplish in hockey, people will still know me as Gordie Howe's son. I guess there are worse things to be known as."

In the second period of the Boston game, with the score 2-2 and Philadelphia on a power play, Mark retreated deep into the Flyer zone to chase a puck the Bruins had cleared. The standard move for a defenseman in that situation is to make an outlet pass to the near-side wing or to take the puck behind the net and hold it for the center. Howe did neither. Taking the puck, he accelerated up-ice and streaked by both Boston forecheckers as he bore down on Defenseman Mike Milbury. Howe faked Milbury into leaning right, cut back the other way and then raced down the slot and slid the puck under sprawling Boston goaltender Pete Peeters.

Such spectacular performances have always been expected of Gordie's son. After all, he was skating at age four, practicing in the Detroit Olympia after Red Wings workouts at age six, joining his father and the other Wings in preseason training camp at 13. At 16, Howe was the youngest member of the U.S. Olympic hockey team that won the silver medal at the 1972 Games. The next year he led the Toronto Marlboros to the Canadian Junior A Championship. In the spring of

**H**is helmetless as he whirls around the Spectrum ice with his Philadelphia teammates in the 20-minute pregame all-slate preceding the Flyers' first meeting of the season with the Boston Bruins. Head high, face unsmiling, the speed of his movement blowing his short, razor-cut blond hair back along his temples, the flushed cheeks showing the first signs of jowls, the nose sort of Bob Hope-ish, the facial similarities are inescapable: Mark Howe, 27, looks not a little like his father, Gordie, the most complete and enduring hockey player of all time.

But comparisons with his father aren't on Mark's mind this night. He and his brother Marty, 28, who plays defense for the Bruins, are about to oppose each other for the first time as pros. As the televi-

## Untying the Gordiean knot

*Mark Howe, Philly's top defender, still hasn't made a name for himself*

because his talent was obvious at such an early age, felt it most deeply. Mark always believed that if he succeeded in hockey, people would say it was because he was Gordie's son, but that if he failed, the failure would be his own."

For his part, Mark says he has come to grips with the father-son problem. "When I was growing up in Detroit, Gordie Howe's name was, like, next to God's," he says. "Anytime I was interviewed or introduced I was always 'Gordie's son.' I suppose my brothers and I

1973, Houston selected the 18-year-old Howe in the first round of the WHA draft. When the Aeros also picked Marty in the seventh round, Gordie ended his two-year retirement to fulfill a dream of playing pro hockey with his sons.

Though Mark had 38 goals and 41 assists in 1973-74, was an All-Star at left wing and was named Rookie of the Year, his achievements were all but eclipsed by Gordie's 100-point season and MVP trophy. And the Gordiean shadow extended beyond the ice. "We used to have to do

an interview about every day in Houston," says Mark. "It was always the same—they'd ask Marty one question, ask me one and talk to Dad for a half-hour. After a while I stopped going."

Before the 1977-78 season, the Howes moved to the New England (now the Hartford) Whalers. After getting 91 points that season, Mark had 107 in 1978-79 and made the WHA All-Star team for the third time. In 1979-80 Whaler Coach Don Blackburn switched him to defense, and Mark responded with 80 points but unspectacular defense. That season was the Whalers' first in the NHL and Gordie's last (we think) as a player, so Mark seemed ready to come into his own. Indeed, he got off to a superb start in 1980-81, getting 43 points in his first 36 games and leading Prince of Wales Conference defensemen in bailing for the mad-season All-Star game.

Then in December 1980 Howe sustained a grisly injury. In a game against the New York Islanders in Hartford, he lost his balance and slid feet first into the Whaler goal. The force of his skates hitting the netting in the back of the goal tipped up the goalposts and the sharply pointed metal centerpiece of the goal frame. "As soon as I saw the frame go up, I knew what was going to happen," says Howe. His momentum carried him into the point of the centerpiece, which ripped through his pants and penetrated several inches into his right buttock, narrowly missing his testicles, anal sphincter and rectum. Despite the shock and the pain, Howe had the presence of mind to push off against the netting to free himself. (Since then, the league has recommended that the centerpiece be shortened and blunted.)

Gordie, who was in the stands, accompanied Mark to the hospital. "The doctor pulled the sheet off him to show me the cut," says Gordie. "Meat was just hanging down. I could've put my whole hand in there."

Remarkably, six weeks later, Howe pronounced himself ready to play. But the toll of the injury—a loss of 20 pounds and lowered strength and endurance—resulted in Mark's going into what he calls "a good game followed by a bad game" syndrome. He finished the year with just 65 points. Still below par at the start of last season, Howe wound up with a career-low 53 points. To add to his difficulties, Howe, a quiet and introspective person, was asked to assume the role of a

team leader. "I'm not a natural leader," he says. "I want to lead by playing well. When they offered me the captaincy, I turned it down."

Howe's unwillingness to wear the C and his diminished effectiveness eventually drew the ire of Coach Larry Pleasa, and last August Howe was traded to Philadelphia. Perhaps the best indication of how highly the Flyers regard him is that they gave up top scorer Ken Linseman, a 1983 No. 1 draft choice and Forward Greg Adams to get what Philadelphia General Manager Keith Allen calls "a defenseman who ranks up there with the Denis Potvin and Ray Bourques."

mon began firing players who took needless penalties. McCammon emphasizes speed and playmaking. McCammon coaches Howe's kind of hockey.

"Dad was mean with those elbows, and I know he was a pretty good fighter," says Mark. "But in Dad's day you were almost expected to fight your way into the league. The emphasis today is much more on skating." Indeed, Mark didn't take his first penalty this season until the 21st game. "He's not real physical," says Flyer veteran Bobby Clarke, who is, "but he doesn't have to be. He's so mobile he always gets a piece of you, just enough to throw you off the puck."



Gordie and Colleen preside at turkey time, with Mark's son, Travis, at Colleen's left and Mark and Mark's wife, Ginger, holding daughter Azza, at Gordie's right. With them are Colleen's Aunt Elsie MacDougall, family friend Craig MacFarlane, Mark's sister Cathy with daughter Jamie.

It may seem odd that Howe's highly polished skills—"My game is skating, passing and moving the puck," he says—would be sought by Philadelphia, a team that traditionally has specialized in on-ice muggings. But Howe, whom Philadelphia Coach Bob McCammon calls "the best offensive defenseman we've ever had here and a superb playmaker," is representative of the reforming Flyers. When he took over last March, McCam-

mon began firing players who took needless penalties. McCammon emphasizes speed and playmaking. McCammon coaches Howe's kind of hockey. At week's end Philadelphia had won nine straight games and led the Patrick Division with a 26-12-5 record. During the streak, Howe scored a team-high seven goals. He also got the Flyers' only goal in a 4-1 exhibition loss to the Soviet All-Stars last week. In the nets for the Soviets was the peerless Vladislav Tretiak, who allowed just four goals in four games against NHL teams.

On Dec. 5, before a rematch between the Bruins and the Flyers at Boston Garden, WSBK's Peirson recalled the previous meeting, saying, "Offensively he [Howe] just dominated the game. It was the best we've seen him play." An interesting and accurate assessment. It should become a more common one.

END

## Please don't eat the lettuce

by Dan Jenkins

*Gil Morgan won at Tucson over a field including a lot of hungry ex-rabbits*

**B**ecause this Tucson Open was the first professional golf tournament ever staged in which all the players were supposedly equals—under new PGA Tour rules everyone in it was exempt from having to qualify for all of 1983—it seemed appropriate that it was mathematically possible late Sunday afternoon that as many as eight players could wind up in a tie, and that the sudden-death playoff might last until Easter. In a way, this would have made sense because there were so many people out there who a year ago were rabbits.

Alas, the first Tour event of the year wound up in only a three-way tie, and Gil Morgan, the quiet, vitamin-taking optometrist, who had been winless for 3½ years, ran home a 22-foot birdie putt on

the second extra hole to outlast Lanny Wadkins, who won three tournaments last year, and Curtis Strange, who never seems to win but makes a lot of money anyway.

It was a tournament to which Morgan first laid a claim with his opening-round five-under 65, which briefly led the field. After that it belonged momentarily to all sorts of fellows: to Scott Hoch, who on Friday shot a 63, tying the course record, and was the pacesetter after 36 holes, then to Calum Peete, who led after 54, and finally to anyone capable of making a late birdie on Sunday. Along the way Johnny Miller, Andy Bean and Fuzzy Zoeller also had their chances.

Sunday began with Peete, who was going for his seventh victory in his last 14 tournaments (including two recent wins in Japan), one stroke ahead of Miller and Hoch, two ahead of Wadkins, three ahead of Morgan and Zoeller and five ahead of Strange and Bean, among others.

The way the playoff came about was that on Sunday afternoon Strange made a true arsonist's move when he birdied the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th holes at the Randolph Park North Course, which featured bright sunshine and humpy greens, for a closing-round 65 and a nine-under total of 271. Thus he was in the clubhouse with the lead while the rest of the drama unfolded. Morgan got to three under on his round, putting the last six holes for a 67 and his 271. Peete blew his two-stroke lead in the middle of the round, hupaying the 14th and 15th holes and missing the playoff by a shot. Meanwhile, Wadkins was firing a two-un-

der 68 for a 271 total but failing to get a tiebreaking birdie on the entire back nine. Playoff time.

"I thought all day that Calum would win," said Morgan later. "Then I thought Curtis would win when he started to run the table. In the playoff on the first hole, I was pretty certain Lanny would win."

On the first extra hole, Morgan drove badly and had to scramble for par with a difficult putt to stay even with Wadkins and Strange. Then, very quickly, it ended. Give a man new life, and he'll hole a long one on you. Which is what Morgan did at the second extra hole with his 22-footer. Wadkins and Strange then missed, though Wadkins at least hit the cup and spun out.

Morgan hadn't won a tournament since the 1979 Memphis Classic, so his name was starting to sound almost as unfamiliar as those of some of the former rabbits who will be part of the permanent Tour population from now on. Their presence out there may well change the look of the Tour in due time.

The Tucson Open was the first event on the new all-exempt PGA Tour. Gone is the Monday qualifying round for so-called rabbits.

Monday qualifying was that painful weekly ordeal in which the 80 or so lesser-known golfers on the edges of the Tour had to compete in an 18-hole round to see which 30 or 40 of them, on the average, would be allowed to play in the tournament proper that usually would begin on Thursday.

No one seems to know why rabbits are called rabbits—the best guess is that the name comes from a Tony Lama line. "They're always nibbling at the lettuce"—but each year these young hopefuls, the Tour's lowest social caste, played on Monday for a chance to earn a few bucks beginning Thursday. The only players who didn't have to qualify this way were the top 60 money-winners and/or tournament victors from the previous year, plus assorted immortals who had done something special in the past, such as winning one of the major U.S. championships.

A rabbit could temporarily become a

Morgan survived the rabbit test by winning a three-way playoff.





non-rabbit by playing well enough on Monday to get admission to the tournament and then making the 36-hole cut at, let's say, Tucson. This would assure him of a spot in the field the following week in, let's say, Los Angeles. Needless to say, most rabbits lived dangerously. On rare occasions, a rabbit might jump up and win a tournament, which earned him a whole year's worth of non-rabbit-hood. But mostly they came and went like—well, like rabbits.

All last year, however, the 300-odd U.S. touring pros, many of whom could more aptly be described as "golf bums" rather than young hopefuls, were aware that with the start of 1983 they might be confronted with a career change.

A new order would be in effect for determining who got a spot in a given tournament. First would come as many immortals as might choose to enter. After them the 125 leading money-winners of '82 would have a chance to play, followed by as many of the 50 low shooters from the new PGA Tour Qualifying Tournament as would be necessary to fill out the field. There is no more chance for fringe players to squeeze in through Monday qualifying. Goodbye rabbits—and good riddance, most say.

In making this change, the players wisely took precautions to be sure the marquee names would have no trouble staying eligible. All sorts of provisions are written into the regulations to allow any Arnold Palmer or Lee Trevino to enter a tournament whenever he feels like it. And if you read the fine print, you can find a rule saying PGA Tour Commissioner Deane Beman may add two foreign players to a field any time he sees fit. This will undoubtedly become known as the Severiano Ballesteros-Greg Norman Rule.

In any case, the rich new season—prize money is expected to go from \$16.9 million last year to \$22 million this—started off in Tucson with a Mike Nicolette, for example, enjoying the same status as a Craig Stadler. Nicolette, who finished No. 106 on the money list, would have missed the old top 60 exemption by 46 places. There are also former rabbits who missed the cutoff at 125 but are now full-fledged members of the Tour because they finished among the top 50 in the Qualifying Tournament, which was

held in mid-November at the Tournament Players Club in Ponte Vedra, Fla. Among them are fellows like Gary McCord, who was No. 130 on the money list, Lyn Lott (146) and Buddy Gardner (192), all of whom had once been exempt but had fallen from grace. As McCord said in Tucson, "I feel like I've been sprung from jail."



Erstwhile rabbit McCord dreamed up the new plan.

It was particularly nice that the 34-year-old McCord got back on the Tour by the hard road of the Qualifying Tournament. A likable, wisecracking guy in a mustache who is quite an accomplished amateur magician, McCord, who had a top 60 exemption in 1976, was actually the person who came up with the idea for the all-exempt Tour. "It's better for everybody, even the guys who didn't make it," he said. "They can get on with their lives, find something else to do. The best thing is that the guys who make it this far play with less pressure on them."

Ex-rabbit Gardner described it this way, echoing an argument often made by rabbits in the past: "Even when you'd get in a tournament, you'd have to play cozy on Thursday and Friday and try to make the cut so you could play the following week. Now we can shoot at the pins from Thursday on because our life won't depend on what happens in one tournament. I think you'll see lower scoring overall, and I hope you'll see some new winners before it's over."

It could be argued that the new system had a definite effect on the Tucson Open, not at the top where Morgan and a cluster of familiar chaps battled it out for the winner's purse of \$54,000, but among those players whose names rarely make the leaderboard. The field of 144—after daylight saving time arrives the number goes up to 156—was overpopulated with former rabbits because a lot of Tom Watsons weren't entered. In fact, 32 out of the 50 Qualifying Tournament golfers got into the event. And when 39 might-have-been rabbits played well enough to make the 36-hole cut, it put extra pressure on a few stars. The result was that Stadler, the defending champion at Tucson and the leading money-winner in 1982, missed the cut, as did such highly regarded players as Bobby Clampett and Bruce Lietzke. Meanwhile, Joey Ravsett, a flat-out rookie who finished 14th in the Qualifying Tournament, shot a freewheeling 64 in the second round and made himself very prominent on the leaderboards for most of the tournament until a double bogey took him out of contention on Sunday.

In the end, 23 players who would have been rabbits this year finished among the top 50 at Tucson. To their credit, they shot lower than such names as J.C. Sneed, John Cook, John Mahaffey, Jim Simons and Peter Jacobsen.

All in all, the only serious question posed in Tucson by the all-exempt format was the following: Do you really want to live in a country where a Buddy Gardner (old No. 192 on the money list) can make the cut, but a Craig Stadler (No. 1) can't?

At the moment, Gil Morgan doesn't mind, of course.

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by Billy Reed

**F**or a long time she was known mainly as the kid sister of Art Still, the All-Pro defensive end of the Kansas City Chiefs. Now, as a 6' 1" senior center at the University of Kentucky, Valerie Still finally has her own athletic identity. That was ensured when she tallied 30 points against Miami of Ohio on Dec. 5 and thereby surpassed Dan Issel's 2,138 to make her the school's alltime leading scorer. The game was halted so Still could receive a plaque, the game ball and applause.

To mention a woman in the same breath with a male All-America and NBA star such as Issel would be sacrilegious at most schools, especially those with the sort of storied past (and present) that Kentucky has in men's basketball. But in Kentucky, this woman's place is in the history books.

In Lexington nothing is as important as the men's team coached by Joe B. Hall, but at least now, largely because of Still's exceptional play, a good measure of attention is being paid to Coach Terry Hall's women. Still's scoring (24.7 points a game), shooting (59.7%) and rebounding (11.4 per game) have gotten the Lady Kats off to an 8-1 start and a No. 4 national ranking. Says Rena Koier, Kentucky's assistant sports information director, "If Val were a man, the local media would have immortalized her, and the fans would have built a statue downtown."

If you were to call Central Casting and ask for an all-American girl, you couldn't do better than the 21-year-old Still, who grew up in Camden, N.J. and now lives with Art and their parents in Kansas City, Mo. She's beautiful, intelligent, charming and versatile, and her teammates have nothing but good to say of her, even if they do tease her about her scoring and the punk-rock outfits she sometimes wears. She enjoys playing jazz or classical music on the piano, one of four instruments—alto sax, trumpet and folk guitar are the others—she can play. An aspiring veterinarian—she's majoring in animal sciences—she has a warm spot for creatures of all kinds. Too warm, perhaps. In the season opener, she scored

## This Still's a potent producer

*Valerie Still has passed Dan Issel to become Kentucky's No. 1 scorer*

only 17 points because her poodle had been killed by a car.

Other than the numerous pen pals she has collected on various basketball trips, her biggest fan is a little old man named Otis Feedback who shows up at Lady Kat games wearing the U.S.A. jacket Still brought home from the 1981 World University Games in Romania. "We met after a game when I was a freshman," Still says. "He was lonesome and so was I." Now nothing can keep Feedback away from Still's games. The day before her record-breaking game against Miami, he had a mild heart attack and was hospitalized. However, against doctor's orders, Feedback was at Memorial Coliseum the next day, leading cheers for the Lady Kats. Right after the game Still took him back to the hospital; there was no mob of media types to detain her at the arena.

Even though the local papers haven't given the Lady Kats their due, the university has. Their home games are played in the 11,500-seat Coliseum that was the home court of Coach Adolph Rupp's Wildcat teams until the 23,000-seat arena named for Rupp was built in downtown Lexington in 1976. On a different level, Hall the female coach has a lot of the same recruiting advantages enjoyed by Hall the male coach. The Lady Kats have a snappy

*continued*

Even as a defender, Valerie doesn't keep still, as Keturah Bell of Florida can attest.



four-color brochure, travel by air, hand out poster-sized calendars and generally enjoy the amenities needed to get players of Still's caliber.

As a kid, Still hung around Camden playgrounds with Art and her other brothers. All 10 Still children are big, which isn't surprising because their father, James, is 6'3" and 220 pounds and their mother, Gwendolyn, is a great cook. "I still eat fast," Valerie says. "My friends say it's because I had to as a kid. That's not true, but sometimes it was hard for the girls to get any food." Of Valerie's five brothers, three played college basketball—James (6'7", Maryland), Wendell (6'5", Bethune-Cookman), and Dennis (6'7", South Alabama)—but Art (6'8") turned to football. When he and Camden buddy Derrick Ramsey announced they were going to Kentucky, Valerie believed they were nuts. "I thought there wasn't anything in Kentucky except hillbillies," Valerie says.

However, when Art came back to Camden on vacation, he spoke so glowingly of the Blue Grass State that Valerie became interested. When she was a high school sophomore, basketball replaced piano playing as her main activity. After Art and Ramsey had led the 1977 Wildcats football team to a 10-1 record and then moved on to the pros—Ramsey is still with the Raiders—Valerie decided to spurn Maryland and Rutgers, which had also recruited her, for Kentucky.

Though her size and quickness would seem best suited to forward, which she played as a freshman, Still nevertheless has had to play center for the Lady Kats. After a freshman year in which she averaged 22 points and 14 rebounds a game, she was a member of a U.S. all-star team that played in Taiwan. On that and subsequent trips, she developed a yen for the Orient, and she'll probably return for a visit following graduation and before she tries out for the 1984 Olympic team. However, at the conclusion of the Taiwan trip, she was stricken with such a severe case of food poisoning that "she almost died," says her mother, a nurses assistant.

"The illness was a turning point for me," Valerie says. "I figured basketball wasn't going to be the most important thing in my life. My freshman year, I was really into myself. But after I got sick I started thinking about other people."

Today Still is so content and secure

that it doesn't even bother her that, her accomplishments notwithstanding, she's not the center of attention whenever the Lady Kats play. In senior Guard Lea Wise Kentucky has a strong contender to win any Farrah Fawcett Look-Alike Contest. Already this season Koier has answered more than 100 requests—at \$2 each—for glossy photos of Wise. She has sent out as many photos of Still, but mostly free ones to newspapers.

But, then, there's this water polo player in Yugoslavia whom Val counts among her pen pals, along with the guys she met in the Orient. And earlier last year campus gossip had it that Still and Charles Hurt, the 6'6" starting forward on the Kentucky men's team, were an item. Now, Still says, she and Hurt are "just friends," which draws a sigh of disappointment from Koier, ever the press agent. "I told Val that she didn't have to marry Charles," Koier says, "but they ought to at least have a couple of babies. Think about those genes!" Imagine, the leading scorer in Kentucky basketball history giving birth. What would Rupp have thought about that?

## THE WEEK

(Jan. 3-9)

by HERM WEISKOPF

## WEST

"Last year, when we'd get behind, that would be it. We had too many egos on the team. This year, we're busting our butts." So said Swingman Larry Anderson of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas after PCAA games in which the Rebels came from 14 points back to defeat Utah State 89-77 in overtime and from 13 down for a 68-64 victory over Cal-Irvine. UNLV Coach Jerry Tarkanian seconded Anderson's opinion by saying, "We would have folded our tents last year." A crowd of 10,506, the largest in Logan, Utah in five years, saw Vegas fall behind 27-13, put on lots of bum-busting pressure defense and squeeze the score at 73-73 as the end of regulation. Eight OT foul shots by Denny Tarkanian helped the Rebels keep their tents up. So did 22 points by Anderson plus 20 rebounds and 19 points by Sidney Green. Against Irvine, Anderson had 24 points and Green 19, and Tarkanian had 24 assists. Utah State bounced back to defeat San Jose State 77-68 and run its record to 11-2.

After defeating Pepperdine 85-74, Cal State-Fullerton won two PCAA games at home. Leon Wood sank five of six three-point shots and scored 36 points as the Titans

humped off Cal-Irvine 86-76 and had 21 assists as they ripped Long Beach State 90-60.

"We noticed on videotapes of UCLA's game with Louisville that the Bruins don't get back real well on defense. UCLA leaves the corners alone. We got some easy baskets." That's what Arizona's first-year coach, Ben Lindsey, said in explaining why he'd stuck his potent offense and had his team try to run with the swift Bruins. Lindsey's Wildcats did get some easy baskets, and they did from a 17-point second-half deficit to three points with 50 seconds to go. But Darren Daye then helped sew up a 92-87 Pac-10 victory for UCLA by hitting both ends of a one-and-one.

Forward Guy Williams set a Washington State record with 43 points, converting 19 of 27 floor shots and five of seven from the line, during a 100-83 defeat of Idaho State.

## EAST

It didn't rank up there with David knocking off Goliath, but 6'3", 170-pound Guard Kevin Williams of St. John's did the job against 7-foot, 220-pound Patrick Ewing of Georgetown. Late in the first half of St. John's 76-67 victory, Williams got into two scuffles with Ewing and generally left him feeling as if he'd been fastened by a New York rush-hour subway mob. During the first altercation, Williams was on the short end of the fisticuffs and got a swollen lip. Both players got technical fouls, and Williams picked up another after tangle with Ewing again. Even though Williams eventually fouled out, he was pleased that he had succeeded in frustrating Ewing, who had 14 rebounds, 13 points and four blocks.

Georgetown Coach John Thompson, however, wasn't pleased at all. He said that if the rough stuff continued, he would tell his star sophomore to turn pro at the end of the season. "Patrick won't have a say in the matter," Thompson said. "I'll make the decision, because he won't develop as a player this way." The prospect of Thompson telling Ewing to clear out was hardly upsetting to St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca, who said "I would second that motion." As for Williams' play, Carnesecca said, "The kid did his job, O.K."

Some other Redmen did their jobs, too. St. John's got 24 points from Chris Mullin and 20 from Billy Goodwin, as well as nine from Williams. The win gave the Redmen a 13-0 record, their best start in 42 seasons. During an earlier 79-62 victory at Seton Hall, Goodwin scored 28 points.

Villanova beat Boston College 79-72 in another Big East game as Stewart Granger and John Pinone each scored 24 points. Pinone converted 16 consecutive free throws before missing his final try. Notre Dame twice lost to Wildcats: 61-55 at Villanova and 54-51 at Davidson.

Like Ewing, Virginia's Ralph Sampson was roughed up during an 83-64 ACC romp at Maryland. Sampson picked up 15 rebounds, 14 points and two technicals. Ben Coleman of

## SI TOP 20

1. MEMPHIS STATE (11-0)	1*
2. UCLA (8-1)	4
3. VIRGINIA (11-1)	6
4. ST. JOHN'S (13-0)	7
5. INDIANA (10-1)	3
6. UNLV (12-0)	8
7. ALABAMA (9-2)	2
8. KENTUCKY (10-2)	5
9. LOUISVILLE (11-2)	9
10. N. CAROLINA (10-3)	14
11. TENNESSEE (9-2)	10
12. IOWA (9-2)	11
13. MINNESOTA (10-1)	—
14. MISSOURI (10-2)	15
15. SYRACUSE (11-1)	12
16. OKLAHOMA ST. (10-1)	17
17. PURDUE (10-2)	16
18. ILLINOIS STATE (10-1)	18
19. WICHITA STATE (9-1)	19
20. VILLANOVA (8-2)	20

\* Last week

the Terps was called for a foul on Sampson, who was almost simultaneously being whistled for elbowing Len Bias. Because Sampson heard the second call but not the first, he screamed at the refs and thus drew his first T of the night. Enraged by that call, Sampson stomped off the court, whopped the ball down and drew another technical.

**MIDWEST** "It wasn't a fun game for me," Coach Donny Crum of Louisville said after a 65-58 Metro Conference victory over Cincinnati. "I like things sharp and crisp." The Bearcats who kept things from being sharp and crisp were the Bruise Brothers—6'8" Dwight (Jelly) Jones, 6'8" Michael Williams and 6'7" Myron Hughes. Crum didn't like the way the Bruisers "pushed, shoved, nudged, bumped, leaned and elbowed." Except for that, Crum thought they were swell guys. Louisville then in its sharp, crisp best while handing Florida State its worst-ever home loss, 96-69. Louisville also beat perennial Division II power Kentucky Wesleyan 79-58.

Houston and Arkansas began Southwest Conference play with wins. After beating Texas A&M 84-61, the Cougars defeated SMU 105-71 behind Akeem Abdul Olajuwon's 22 rebounds, 14 points and nine blocks. Arkansas won home games on three courts, beating Nebraska 64-58 in Little Rock, Mercer 83-62 in Pine Bluff and league opponent Baylor 65-60 in Fayetteville. Unbeaten Arkansas now enters the meatier part of a schedule that thus far has been as soft as chicken feathers.

Memphis State beat Baltimore 103-57 and

St. Louis 78-64 as Keith Lee (page 42) sank 17 of 27 field-goal tries and had 38 points, 25 rebounds, 11 blocks, seven assists and five steals. Baltimore's Super Bees were down only 30-27 before Tiger Coach Dana Kirk hit his troops with a stinger of his own—some explosives that woke them from their slumber.

New Mexico State knocked off Colorado 80-76, lost to Illinois State 72-62 and outlasted Indiana State 103-100 as overtime as Ernest Patterson had 72 points, 18 rebounds, 16 assists and four steals. What more could anyone ask of a guard? Well, how about these numbers by Aggie point man Steve Colter: 57 points, 24 rebounds, 13 assists, eight steals and two blocks.

Illinois State out rebounded New Mexico State 46-30 and got 14 points and 11 rebounds from Reserve Forward Ray Malone. The Redbirds also won another Missouri Valley Conference road game, beating West Texas State 89-73, with a pair of 8-0 scoring binges during the first and last three minutes. Wichita State was also a winner in two Valley road games, 89-88 at West Texas State and 77-66 at Creighton. In the latter game, the Shockers got 23 points from Antoine Carr and 20 from Xavier McDaniel. After losing their opener, they've won nine straight.

"It was a tremendous defensive game, an old-fashioned slug-it-out game," said Missouri Coach Norm Stewart after beating North Carolina State 49-42. The Wolfpack's fine backcourt of Sidney Lowe and Derek Whiteburg were held to 13 points between them. The Tigers, down by four with 10:30 left, put on a 10-0 spurt during the next 8:05, with all the points coming from Jon Sundvold, Steve Stipanovich and Ron Jones.

Every dog, it's said, has his day. Melvin Mathis, a 6'8" freshman with Drake's Bulldogs, though, may have had his doubts. After all, his coach, Gary Garner, had said of him, "Melvin picks up three fouls just walking to the scoring table," and "If Melvin improved 500 percent he still couldn't play defense." But in a desperation move after Drake got in foul trouble early against Tulsa, Garner sent Mathis into the game. With Mathis working doggedly—25 points, 12 rebounds, two steals and one assist while committing just two fouls—the Bulldogs shocked the Golden Hurricane 87-73 as the fans chanted "Melvin! Melvin! Melvin!" Garner, wearing a broad postgame smile, spoke glowingly of his newest star, "Marvelous Melvin Mathis."

**MIDEAST** There were a season's worth of surprises in the SEC and Big Ten. Florida, 5-22 last season and supposedly weak in the backcourt, got 34 points from its guards while handing Alabama its first loss, 89-85. Gator guards Nabe Palmer and Tony Rogers had 18 and 16 points, respectively. By scoring 20 of their combined 40 points in the first half, Forward Ronnie Williams and Center Eugene Mc-

Dowell had kept Florida within two points of Alabama at halftime. The Gators then lost at home 62-60 to Mississippi State as Jeff Malone scored the last of his 32 points on a 24-foot jumper one second before the buzzer. Although Malone had 28 more points at Auburn, the Bulldogs lost 77-66 as Odell Montellier of the Tigers got 15 of his 25 points in the second half. Two days later, Auburn dealt Alabama its second straight loss, 91-80, behind Montellier's 24 points.

The Tigers clearly were on a roll—until they lost 92-75 at Florida as the Gators got 28 points from Williams and 26 from Guard Vernon Delancy. And then there was Kentucky, whose Jim Minter scored 23 in a 72-60 win over Mississippi. The Wildcats held off LSU 52-50 and then went to Alabama to try to put a lock on the SEC lead. Instead, they got caught in the Tide's underdog, Bama, trailing 63-58 with 4:44 remaining, won 74-67. The guards made the difference. Alabama's top three, Ennis Whitley, Mike Davis and Eric Richardson, had 42 points, including 14 in the final 4:31; Kentucky's top three scored 18.

Could any SEC team stay unbeaten during the first week's play? Nope, though Tennessee had a good chance of doing so. But after getting 24 points, 11 assists, five layups and three steals from Guard Tyrone Beamon during an OT 67-64 defeat of Georgia, the Vols lost 56-55 in a 87-71 at Mississippi. Ole Miss used only six players, got 18 points from Carlos Clark and made 18 of 23 free throws.

Indiana, which had been undefeated, opened its Big Ten season by losing at Ohio State for the fourth time in five years, 70-67. The Hoosiers out rebounded the Buckeyes 35-18, but were done in by 16 turnovers and Ohio State's 22-for-25 foul shooting. Iowa also lost its opener, 61-59 to Michigan State.

### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**LEON WOOD:** The 6'3" junior guard, a transfer from Arizona, propelled CSU-Fullerton to victories over Pepperdine, Cal-Irvine and Long Beach State as he poured in 67 points and had 45 assists.

in the first game at the new Carver-Hawkeye Center. The Hawkeyes seemed to have won on Bob Hansen's three-point shot with two seconds left, but it was voided because Iowa's Steve Carlino had stepped on the sideline stripe as he brought the ball upcourt. Hansen then scored 24 points that did count during a 79-72 win over Michigan.

The only two-time winners in the conference were Northwestern, which beat Michigan 69-64 and Michigan State 62-51, and Minnesota, which defeated Illinois 75-49 and Purdue 54-48. Half the Boleymakers' 16 field goals were three-point bombs, but the Gophers pulled through as their zone press forced 18 turnovers.



‘Thar Was Old Grit In Him



*Captain William Drummond Stewart is welcomed with war cries and gunfire at a wilderNESS gathering in the 1830s.*

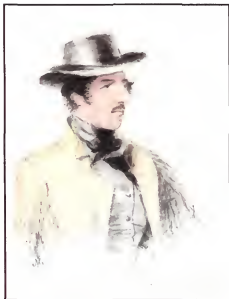
***When the West was young a Scottish nobleman beat the  
mountain men at their own rough games***

***by Bill Gilbert***

CONTINUED

# Captain Stewart

*continued*



*Stewart wore these buckskins and this hat during his second Western trip, in 1837.*



*Except for the portrait on page 72, the illustrations accompanying this article are the work of Alfred Jacob Miller, the American artist commissioned by Stewart to make a pictorial record of his travels.*

Though there were never more than 500 of them and they flourished for only about 25 years, the mountain men—the Rocky Mountain fur trappers of the 19th century—have had a mighty impact on the American imagination. They didn't appear until the mid-1820s, but by 1840 dozens of books and innumerable magazine and newspaper articles had publicized (and often exaggerated) their adventures in the theretofore unknown regions of the Wild West. They were known far and wide for their physical prowess, feats of derring-do and go-to-hell life-style. By 1838 there was even a kind of mountain-man hall of fame, a

waxworks museum in St. Louis in which mountain manikins permanently wrestled stuffed grizzly bears, duelled with gigantic savages and pranced in their exotic finery.

Today, more than a century later, names like Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Joe Walker, Jeremiah Johnson and Tom (Broken Hand) Fitzpatrick evoke an era of American history in which freedom and the pioneering spirit seem to have blossomed most fully. In fact, thousands of would-be mountain men still get together at various spots in the West each summer—the largest of these conclaves will take place this year in mid-July in Kalispell, Mont.—to dress up in beads and buckskin, show off old muzzle-loaders and live in teepees. What these latter-day types are re-creating is the traditional rendezvous, which served the oldtime trappers as both an annual business meeting and a blowout.

The rendezvous was the social event that cemented the legend of the anti-social mountain men. Early each summer, merchant hustlers from Missouri would come out with supply caravans to meet the trappers at a prearranged site on the eastern slope of the Rockies. There the suppliers would buy furs at rock-bottom prices—a beaver pelt that brought \$4 at the rendezvous would be worth more than twice that in St. Louis—and sold staples, coffee, salt, guns, shot, powder, tools, traps and other necessities, at prices marked up as much as 10 times. Essential to this commerce were the bulky kegs of very raw whiskey distilled a few weeks before the caravans started west. The result of this trade was that the merchants got rich and the trappers remained in the mountains, usually in hock for next year's catch. The other crucial ingredient to the rendezvous mix was the Indians. Those with whom the traders and trappers were not at war were invited to the festivities to sell their furs, to participate in the fun and games and, not least, to share their women.

For a month or so, which was about as long as even the hardest could stand the pace, about a thousand red and white res-

idents roistered about in a mountain meadow some 1,200 miles beyond the reach of the law, property owners, innocent bystanders or any other pillars of respectability and authority. The men whooped and hollered, gambled and drank, fought and sported, chased and caught women. When the bacchanal was over, they went back to the hills and the beaver, broke and cragulous but with their spirits refreshed. In the process, they set impossibly high standards for all subsequent stag parties, fraternal conventions and college reunions.

The first rendezvous was held in 1825 and the last, a dispirited affair, in 1840, when the bottom had dropped out of the fur market. According to connoisseurs of such goings-on—and there were some

formidable men who attended and survived nearly all of the rendezvous—1833 was the vintage year. Participants had especial need to frolic that summer because the previous year had been the hardest in the annals of the mountain fur trade. All winter ferociously competitive companies of trappers had been breaking up each other's camps, hijacking furs and generally harassing each other in violent and ornery ways. There had been a lot of trouble with the Blackfoot Indians, as a result of which about 100 white and red men had died. Finally, the weather had been terrible. Blizzards had commenced in October and the snows did not melt until the end of May. In consequence, by late spring all hands and races were eager to let bygones be bygones and get some

badly needed R & R. In June, some 300 white trappers and 600 or 700 Indians, mostly Shoshones, Nez Percé and Flatheads, with a few Snakes mixed in, met at the designated site on the upper Green River, 60 miles southeast of the present site of Jackson Hole, Wyo.

Among those there to meet them was William Drummond Stewart, late of Murthly Castle, Perthshire, Scotland. It was his first rendezvous, and he was to remember it as his best. "It was the last good year, for with 1834 came the spoilers—the killers, the missionaries, the hard seekers after money." Stewart himself was an early spoiler, one of the outsiders drawn by the building legend to write about, sketch, pawk at and even, as Stewart noted, pray over the mountain men.

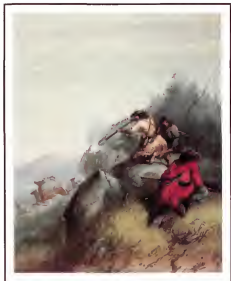
*continued*



*A landscape of a lake in the Rockies shows Miller's penchant for romanticizing nature*

# Captain Stewart

continued



*Assisted by Clement and another guide, Stewart hugs an elk on the dead run.*

The aristocratic Stewart, who was 38 in 1833, came to the rendezvous for his own amusement. However, he was a tourist of a very special kind: he was so well equipped by temperament and experience for blood sports and violence and so handy with horses, knives and guns that he made even the trappers sit up and take notice. Later, after Stewart had cut some fairly spectacular notches for himself, one of the trappers was to muse over this strange foreigner: "an Englishman. . . Well, them English are darned fools; they can't fix a rifle any ways; but that one did shoot 'some'; leastwise he made it throw plumb center. He made the buffler 'come,' he did, and fout well at Pawnee Fork too . . . what he wanted out thar in the mountains, I never jest rightly know'd. He was no trader, nor a trapper, and flung about his dollars right smart.

That was old grit in him, too, and a hair of the black b'ar at that."

Just who was this William Drummond Stewart? He was the very first of a type that would become an aberrant part of the history of the American West—the hair-on-the-chest, deep-breathing, supremely adventurous (yet always slightly-slumming-it) gentleman sportsman. Think of John Wesley Powell, Mark Twain, Teddy Roosevelt (who founded the Boone & Crockett Club), Ernest Hemingway. All went West in search of hunting trophies and manly excitement—moments of truth and such. Few of the later thrill-seekers found more of them than this doughty Scot, and perhaps none had less tender feet.

Evelyn Waugh could have been describing Stewart when he said, "... younger sons were indelicate things . . . it was

their plain duty to remain hidden until some disaster perchance promoted them to their brothers' places." Stewart, the second son of Sir George Stewart, 17th Lord of Grandtully, was born in 1795 at Murthly Castle. Among many other properties, the 32,000-acre estate included Burnham Wood, which some years earlier had so astonished Macbeth. William and his older (by 14 months) brother John, to whom the family lands and income were entailed, apparently despised each other from their nursery days. In 1812, having no immediate use for the high-tempered William, Sir George purchased a military commission for his 17-year-old son. William was soon posted to Spain, where he served in Wellington's Peninsular campaigns. He fought very well at Waterloo, was decorated for gallantry and promoted to captain. Thereafter he and many of his well-born colleagues of the officers' corps were demobilized as half-pay pensioners. Having no skills but martial ones and an aristocratic disdain for acquiring civilian ones, many of these younger brothers began roaming the world, waiting for the lucky disaster that might bring them titles and fortunes.

In the 1820s Stewart was a mercenary in Portugal and Italy, hunted in Turkey and the Russian Caucasus and then holed up for some time amid the pleasures of the mysterious caravan city of Tashkent. Following the death of his father, he returned to Scotland and immediately stirred up family trouble. He happened on a beautiful serving girl, Christina Stewart (of no known or admitted relation) who, with her skirts tucked up above her knees, was doing the wash. Stewart, it has been reported, immediately "fell in love with her nether limbs."

Shortly, the leggy Christina became pregnant, which wasn't particularly shocking until, after the birth of a son, William married the girl. This impropriety created a great scandal. The marriage lasted for 25 years, ending only when Christina died, although Stewart kept his wife and son, who was named George, in a separate establishment. He and Christina seldom met, and though their relationship was friendly and he never disavowed her, the marriage hardly seems to have been a conjugal one.

continued



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# MERIT

## Captain Stewart

continued

The master of Christina added further fuel to a flaming sibling quarrel about money. Bickering between William and John, the new baronet, was constant. Eventually the two had such a violent confrontation that it was said the ancient walls of Murhly trembled. William stormed out, shouting that he would never again sleep a night under that roof. And he didn't, but it was a vow that, as we shall see, was later to cause him some considerable inconvenience. Stewart thereupon exiled himself to the uncharted wilds of western North America, territories which were then regarded by Europeans as among the most savage and mysterious on the globe.

Stewart later gave the impression that the miserliness of his brother forced him to travel virtually as a pauper. In fact, he set off in high style. He brought a number of wardrobe trunks containing fashionable gentlemen's sporting outfits—for which he owed several tailors. Stewart's most practical and prized possessions were a matched pair of rifles made by the brothers Manton, the leading London gunsmiths. Mantoes—big, beautiful .70-caliber guns—were esteemed as the finest hunting pieces in the world and today have rarely been surpassed.

Stewart arrived in New York in May of 1832. After shipping most of his baggage by water to St. Louis, he procured a good horse and rode west—at a leisurely pace, en route enjoying squirrel and bird shooting in the still largely unsettled forests of the Midwest. Arriving in St. Louis that fall, he took a suite at the Mansion House, thought to be the finest hostelry west of the Atlantic seaboard. For the next six months he charmed—or perhaps more accurately, overawed—the St. Louis upper crust with his aristocratic manners and arrogance. "His general conversation

and appearance was that of a man of strong prejudices and equally strong appetites," remarked an American acquaintance, who, being a staunch republican, disapproved of Stewart on principle but was, like most St. Louisans, impressed by his style.

Captain W.D. Stewart, British Army, as his calling card read, attended race meetings, shooting matches, cockfights and gambling parties with the gentlemen of St. Louis. He attended their ladies at teas, dinner and gumbo balls, which, despite the name, were the toniest social events in town. But these diversions were scarcely enough to quell Stewart's restlessness while he waited out the winter. He wanted to get at the real fun in the

Wild West. At first, he may have planned only a bit of shooting on the Plains, but in St. Louis he heard about the mountain men and their rendezvous and determined to make their acquaintance. Luckily, he met one of the few men in the settlements who could provide an alien such as himself with an entrée into the society of white savages. This was Bill Sublette, who was to become Stewart's lifelong friend. Sublette was among the first white men to work in the Rockies, going in 1823 as a beaver trapper. By 1833, Sublette and his partner, Robert Campbell, had prospered enough to win the contract to supply the rendezvous of that year, and they agreed to take Stewart with them.



*In the carefree spirit of the rendezvous, an Indian maiden swings on a branch.*

Stewart left St. Louis in May, riding with a pack train commanded by Campbell. (Sublette took the heavier freight on flatboats up the Missouri and then went overland by another route to the rendezvous site.) The Scotsman had managed to replenish his finances by then—a knack that was to serve him well several times during his American career—by agreeing to chaperone the son of future President William Henry Harrison. Young Harrison, a doctor with a drinking problem, was put into Stewart's care to dry out on the trail, for which service Stewart was paid \$1,000.

On such expeditions it was the custom for even the leaders to start letting themselves go to greasy buckskins, flowing beards and matted hair as soon as they cleared the settlements. Stewart, however, had no inclination to go native, and bespotted himself more or less as if he were a member of a shooting party on a grouse moor. Each morning, after ostentatiously arraying his toiletries outside his tent, he would meticulously shave and perform his ablutions. Among the mule skinnners Stewart found a man who had done some barbering and arranged for the chap to trim his hair every few days. Also, he either brought with him or found in the caravan a young New Yorker, George Holmes, of some breeding and probably of good if effeminate looks, because he came to be called Beauty. Holmes occasionally served Stewart as a valet.

All of which understandably gave rise to snickering in the ranks—until the caravan reached the big-game country, where vast herds of buffalo, antelope and elk roamed. There, it became evident that Stewart had the best horse in the party; that his Mantons were superior to anything the frontiersmen had ever seen, including their treasured Hawken rifles; and that he had the skills to match his equipment. Stewart was later to write that hunting on the Plains was a sportsman's dream, but at the time he could not resist a certain nonchalance. The buffalo, he suggested, were rather impressive by



Buffalo hunters sometimes made matters more exciting—and dangerous—by challenging the beasts up close.

reason of their size and numbers, but a bit unaggressive for his sporting tastes. To compensate, he began taking them Indian-style, running his horse flat-out for five miles or so across the open prairie until he drew abreast of one and brought it down with a shot in the ear. He also made repeated attempts to run down antelope, which he admitted moved like "streaks of lightning." In this he was unsuccessful, but said that if he had a decent English hunter (a horse trained for jumping and pursuit), he would wager £1,000 he could turn the trick.

In the Laramie Mountains of what would later be Wyoming, a party of French-Indians who served as the caravan's meat hunters surprised a grizzly sow with a cub. The bear proved aggressive enough to satisfy even Stewart. The hunters fired on and hit the animal, but their light muskets had little effect beyond causing the enraged grizzly to charge and scatter them. Hearing the commotion, Stewart galloped up, sat his horse down on its haunches and dismounted. The bear wheeled and came toward him like a big, bloody, runaway locomotive. Waiting until the roaring animal reared up over him, Stewart dis-

patched it with a single shot from his heavy Manton. It was an act of skill and daring that more or less instantly earned him his frontier spurs. (Later Stewart and his 6-foot grizzly were re-created in wax for permanent display in the mountain man museum in St. Louis.)

After the Laramie bear episode, Stewart probably could have worn lace on his drawers without being mocked. In fact, he committed almost as outrageous a sartorial act. On the morning the caravan arrived at the rendezvous site on the Green River, he retired to his tent with a bundle that hadn't been opened during the crossing of the Plains. Stewart emerged resplendent in a white leather hunting coat, soft ruffled shirt and a pair of trows, the close-fitting trousers of the Scottish gentry, cut by a London tailor from the green, red, yellow and royal-blue Stewart hunting plaid. On his head he wore a spotless, broad-brimmed Panama. It was reported that even Robert Campbell, no country bumpkin, was dumbstruck by the costume.

Stewart's intuition about rendezvous finery was right on the money. These were indeed occasions when everyone put on the dog, flashed and pranced with

continued

# Captain Stewart

continued

their beads, quillwork, bones, feathers, furs and scalps. Among these savage fashion plates Stewart was as much a marvel as they would have been in Piccadilly. More important, he had won their

mind that nearly all the participants were roaring drunk from beginning to end. In truth, the mountain men may not have had a greater weakness for booze, or drunk more of it, than their contempo-

improved his hooch with rattlesnake heads, but when the boys saw them at the bottom of the first barrel, they were less than pleased. The trader was stripped, thrashed and put out of business.



*Stewart didn't lose his composure when he and his band were threatened by angry Crow Indians*

respect. Not only at the rendezvous of 1833, but also in his subsequent dealings with the mountain men, he was to demonstrate an unfailing rapport with them. There is a sense that the wild whites and reds of the mountains were the only Americans whom Stewart accepted as peers. In any event, when he strutted down to the Green River in the plaids of his ancient clan, Stewart commenced what he was to remember as one of the best months of his life.

In trying to imagine these free-form happenings, it's important to keep in

raries back East. (As a matter of statistical record, the average whiskey consumption in 1830 was half a pint a day per man in America, a tipping rate about three times our current one.) However, for logistical reasons the trappers generally had to ingest all of theirs during the few weeks of rendezvous. And the quality of what they drank was as formidable as the quantity. The traders always packed in exceedingly young whiskey, which upon reaching the rendezvous was often fortified with gunpowder, pepper and salt. One thoughtful entrepreneur

Gambling was nearly as integral to the rendezvous as drinking, and for much the same reason. These were men who lived a lonesome, perilous existence except for the one summer month when they came together. Old sledge, euchre and backgammon games, some operated by Missouri sharks, were played on blankets around the camp, but the big draw was an Indian favorite, the hand game. Somewhat like Chihuahua red dog or Australian two-up, the hand game was simple.

but the passion and handle were impressive. A man held a small piece of bone (usually a polished and intricately carved section of the femur of a fox) overhead between cupped hands. After certain gyrations and incantations, he extended his two closed fists toward the players, who wagered against him and each other as to which hand held the bone. Whites played it somewhat like craps, fading, betting among themselves on single turns and sequences, say two lefts and a right. The Indians, whose fondness for gambling was perhaps even greater than their taste for whiskey, often played in teams. They would throw virtually all their communal possessions—from horses to children—into the pool.

The stakes and intensity impressed even Stewart, who, it seems, had at times helped support himself as a gambler. One day, in a howling crowd of bone players, he (or more precisely, the clearly autobiographical hero in one of the two novels he subsequently wrote) was ogling a Ute girl who was having a bad run of luck. She had put literally everything she owned—domestic wares, jewelry and clothes—into the pot, retaining only a short doekien undershirt that scarcely covered her upper body. She lost. Stewart, a longtime nether man, reported her "wistfully looking on, her small hands clasped over her beautifully formed limbs, crossed one over the other."

Also observing was Kit Carson, one of the great gallants among the trappers. Carson was on a hot streak and tossed the stripped Ute girl a string of beads. These were more or less legal tender in the mountains and would have been at least sufficient for her to have reclaimed a skirt. However, "with an almost imperceptible look of thanks for the gift, she flung them down again to be risked in the chances of the game."

Field sports, so to speak, included steelplechases, shooting matches, knife and hatchet duels, catch-as-catch-can wrestling and team rumbles. "The acme of accomplishment," wrote a commentator on these forms of wrestling and brawling, "was to throw one's antagonist down and, catching the fingers under the jaw or in the hair, use this fulcrum to gouge the eyeball out onto the cheek with the

thumb. If this could not be done, the fighter tried to bite off a nose or ear." It was a rare rendezvous that didn't produce a fatality or two.

Stewart was a conspicuous and well-regarded figure at the festivities of 1833, but he behaved with circumspection, apparently realizing that it wouldn't be good form for a newcomer to be too pushy in this wild society. However, he was involved in one incident that summarized as well as any the spirit of the rendezvous. Along with a typical assortment of thrills—a card sharp was lynched, and there were several eye-gougeings—the 1833 party had to contend with rabid wolves. A pack of these diseased animals harassed the camp, adding

trappers that the casualties that would almost certainly result from this drunken sport wouldn't be worth whatever drolleries it might provide.

Strolling around the camp the next morning, Stewart came upon a mountaineer by the name of Joe Meek, who was groggily trying to rise from where the whiskey had felled him the night before. (Meek had come to the mountains in 1829 after beating up an instructor at a school in Virginia at which he was enrolled.) Stewart suggested that, given his condition, Meek was lucky not to have been munched by a wolf. Even with a terrible hangover, Meek had a snappy comeback: "It would of cured him sure—if it hadn't killed him." But whiskey



*Jim Bridger parades before astounded comrades in a suit of British armor presented by Stewart.*

a kind of Russian-roulette flavor to the proceedings. Having made earlier arrangements with an attractive Indian girl, Stewart locked Beauty Holmes out of the tent the two of them shared. While trying to sleep in the grass, Holmes was attacked by one of the crazed wolves. His screams created more hilarity than sympathy, and someone suggested it would be amusing to stage a midnight mud-wolf hunt. Preparations for it were squelched by Stewart, who, interrupting his own recreation, emerged from the tent and convinced the

didn't preserve the unfortunate Holmes. He died of rabies a few weeks later and was buried in an unmarked grave along an unnamed stream.

Following his first rendezvous, Stewart stayed in the Western wilderness for nearly three years, usually in the company of either Tom Fitzpatrick or Jim Bridger, the two most able partners of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. The precise route of their travels was never re-

*continued*

# Captain Stewart

continued

corded, but it's known that Stewart roamed from the smugglers' town of Taos in what is now New Mexico to the outposts of the British at the mouth of the Columbia River in what is now British Columbia. He saw country and had experiences that previously had been known only to mountain men.

In 1836 Stewart showed up in New Orleans, where he took rooms on Bourbon Street. Again he dazzled local society and improved his finances. He and some British compatriots began exporting cotton to English mills. His journals don't spell out the business details, probably with good reason, but Stewart's commissions were apparently substantial because the next year he was able to go back to the mountains in fairly grand style. He left from St. Louis in the spring of 1837 with Fitzpatrick, who was taking the supply caravan that year to the rendezvous. Stewart brought along a considerable private entourage—10 men employed to look after his comfort and two freight wagons. Along with conventional supplies, his wagons carried chests stocked with wines, brandies, hams, sardines, marmalades, dried fruits and other delicacies that had never been seen West of the Mississippi River.

From the standpoint of future generations, Stewart's 1837 trip was his most important because he took with him a young Baltimore-born, Paris-trained artist, Alfred Jacob Miller, to record their experiences. (Well-financed expeditions today invariably take along a photographer or film crew.) If there was ever a painter who earned his commissions it was Miller, because Stewart was a demanding, often cantankerous employer. Fitzpatrick had made Stewart the second-in-command of the entire supply caravan, and Stewart began shaping up the frontier irregulars as though they were a regiment of Wellington's hussars. He took special pains to make certain that his own artist Johnny would hold up his end. Miller was expected to take a regular turn at night guard and other

camp duties and also to sketch from dawn to dusk. On one occasion, having been ragged persistently about the quantity of his output, the artist, who was no toady, turned on his patron and said, "I would be glad to paint more sketches—if I had six pairs of hands."

On another day, Miller was engrossed in drawing Independence Rock, a towering outcrop in central Wyoming that was to become a famous landmark on the Oregon Trail. Suddenly, he was seized from behind and his face forced down into the dirt. Miller later wrote in his journal that he thought he had been taken by Indians. Determined to meet his end bravely, he lay silent, breathing what he expected to be his last. However, his assailant was Stewart, who had crept up and overpowered him to make the point that Miller must always remain alert.

Miller was well aware of the artistic and historical opportunity that the trip offered and so put up with Stewart and the hardships. But he wouldn't pretend to be a frontiersman. During the course of a long, hard, rainy spell, Miller griped about the mud and bad working conditions. "Mr. Miller," chided Stewart, "you should not be downcast by inclement

weather. On days of rain I am more exhilarated, if possible, than when the day is clear. There is something to contend against." (Half a century later, young Teddy Roosevelt would be in the freezing rain on the Dakota prairie and shout over to his guide, "By Godfrey, but this is fun!") Also in Stewart's party was Antoine Clement, a young half-Cree, half-French, trapper who was one of the best shots among the mountain men and perhaps the handsomest. Stewart had met him in 1833 and thereafter engaged him as a permanent companion. He went so far as to make the young man a gift of one of the splendid Manton rifles. In New Orleans, Clement had proved to be exceptionally favored by Bourbon Street society, though, as was the case whenever Clement visited civilization, Stewart was often occupied trying either to keep or get his protégé out of scrapes.

Beyond using him as a model, Miller found that Clement had a remarkable talent that facilitated the artist's work. Using the heavy Manton, Clement could hit a bull buffalo on the horn in such a way as to leave the animal temporarily paralyzed but standing on its feet. Miller was then able to approach the stunned and weaving animal and make detailed studies of it.

One morning, Stewart, Clement and Miller rode off on a private excursion. Some 20 miles from camp, according to Miller, "Antoine and our leader commenced quarrelling over some order that had been given but not attended to. . . . Both were well mounted, armed with Manton rifles, and neither knowing what fear was, it was a question of manhood, not social position. As they rode side by side, and were not at all choice in their language, I expected every moment to see them level their rifles at each other. . . . While things were in this critical situation but every minute growing worse, as Providence would have it, a herd of Buffalo was discovered. . . . The ruling passion overtopped everything else, off went Antoine at a full gallop, under whip and spur, & in



Clement was so good a marksman Stewart gave him a prize rifle.



a moment our Captain followed suit. The result in a short time was two noble animals biting the dust, each of the late belligerents in great good humor, and the subject of the quarrel entirely forgotten."

In June, Fitzpatrick brought the caravan to the banks of the Green River near the rendezvous site of 1833. There, it was met by the mountain trappers and 1,000 Snake Indians, then the warrior masters of the central Rockies. In a gaudy pageant of welcome the Indians swept down on the white captains, saluting them ceremoniously with their 10-foot, feather-bedecked battle lances. Again, Stewart had obviously given thought to how to make a rendezvous splash. He sent to his wagon for a crate that had been hauled across the plains. Opening it, he solemnly displayed and then presented to Bridger—Old Gabe, the jolliest and most loquacious of the mountain men—a suit of medieval armor, consisting of a steel cuirass and the plumed helmet of the Life Guards, the most ancient and elite of British regiments. Bridger pulled the armor over his buckskins and mounted his horse. Slowly, at a gait he imagined suitable for a fancy foreigner, Old Gabe rode in medieval splendor between the assembled ranks of cheering red and white warriors—surely one of the most improbable scenes ever seen on the frontier. Miller was to record it in two paintings.

From the rendezvous, Stewart, Clement, and Miller returned to New Orleans. Along the way, Stewart had received some marvelous news—his brother John had died. Another letter confirmed that because John had remained childless, William was henceforth the Seventh Baronet of Murthly.

Stewart didn't rush home that fall to claim his inheritance, but dawdled in the U.S., amassing an exotic collection of souvenirs. When he finally sailed the next spring he was accompanied by a bull buffalo and cow, a half-grown grizzly bear, several deer, a pair of cardinals, a bale of seeds, the roots and cuttings of



Miller probably sketched this self-portrait while on the Plains.

Western plants, two Indians of unspecified tribal connections and a number of Miller's paintings. The menagerie was under the supervision of Clement, now attendant to the new Sir William.

On his arrival at Murthly, Stewart declared that his sleeping quarters would henceforth be in a distant outbuilding rather than in the castle, thus keeping the angry promise made to his brother seven years before. Stewart showed little interest in the affairs of the estate. Rather, he turned to arranging his American booty. Sheepfolds were converted to buffalo and bear paddocks. A section of what had once been Birnham Wood was replanted with spruce, pine and birch from the Rockies. Miller's paintings were hung throughout the castle and new furniture, carved to resemble buffalo heads, with real horns and hooves, was ordered for the main hall.

Miller was brought over from Baltimore to work up more paintings from his expedition sketchbook. He stayed at Murthly for a year, enjoying from his host a hospitality and solicitude that had been completely absent in the Rockies. (Miller seems to have contracted a case of rheumatism from his previous working conditions.) The artist called his watercolors (which are reproduced here) "sketches" for subsequent oil paintings.

Often he would re-create scenes that he hadn't witnessed, such as in *Crows Trying to Provoke the Whites to an Act of Hostility* (page 68). This picture illustrates an incident of particular cool-headedness on the part of Stewart that took place sometime after his first rendezvous. Stewart's party was surrounded by a larger band of mean-tempered Crows. Apparently Stewart ascertained that the Crows' medicine man had predicted they would prevail in battle only if the enemy struck the first blow. Stewart's response was to stand silent as his assailants menaced and taunted him and jumped up and down. Discouraged, they eventually gave up and wandered away. A London churchman, on seeing the finished painting, was so moved by Stewart's heroism that he used the incident in a lecture on the virtues of turning the other cheek.

In 1840, perhaps to shake his American obsession, Stewart took Clement on a six-month tour of North Africa and Asia Minor. Exactly where they went and how they entertained themselves was never recorded, but they ended up in Constantinople. However, if the trip was intended to cure Stewart's homesickness for America, it wasn't successful. Back in Scotland, Stewart, despite the protests of his relatives, sold one of Murthly's oldest properties to a neighbor for the equivalent of a million dollars. He used part of the proceeds to pay off old debts. Much of the rest was spent, in 1843, on his final American tour, which was conducted with truly regal extravagance.

With Bill Sublette serving as field commander and recreation director, Stewart gathered around him some 60 young gentlemen and their servants from the better families of St. Louis and New Orleans for what awed Western newspapers referred to as a "grand pleasure trip and hunting frolic." The party included sport hunters, naturalists, an embezzler on the lam (who was discovered and discharged) and various gentlemen seeking escape from booze, boredom or social

continued

# Captain Stewart

Continued

entanglements. On Stewart's tab, they secured the best horses and equipment, they were provided with new, roomy canvas tents and servants. Stewart's personal quarters would have done credit to a khan or a czar. His tent was a 14-foot-square, scarlet creation. The mattress was made of two buffalo robes and was covered with Irish-linen sheets and a blanket of Russian sable. A Persian rug lay on the dirt floor, and oter and leopard skins draped the tables. A huge brass Turkish incense burner sweetened the air. As body servants, Stewart brought a valet and an odd-job boy from Murthly. And Clement was made the master of the hunt.

Despite—or perhaps because of—these preparations, the trip didn't live up to its expectations. At first, many of the young men, especially the naturalists—Sublette labeled them "the huge leeches"—and the hunters, had a fine time. They acted out what they were, playboys on a kind of Outward Bound lark. They had no inclination to suffer great hardships in pursuit of anything. They liked their wine and hot meals. They sang campfire songs, repaired to dry tents and sheets and rose at a decent hour in the morning. But Stewart had them cast in quite a different role. He wanted them to be Oriental courtiers to his caliph and also the hard-bitten mountain men he had known 10 years before. It was a conceit that history had already made into an anachronism.

The first Western frontier, of which Stewart had a last glimpse during the mid-1830s, was finished by 1843. That year there were no more than 50 white fur trappers left in the mountains, but about 1,000 pioneer families were slowly rolling across the plains toward the Pacific coast in covered wagons. These men, women and children represented the second phase of the American westering movement. The best and brightest of the trappers, such as Bridger, Fitzpatrick, Carson, and Joe Walker (one of the few true explorers

among the mountain men and the subject of one of Miller's most famous portraits), recognized the wave of the future and were riding it as Indian fighters, pilots of caravans and guides for military, surveying and prospecting parties.

Sir William Drummond Stewart, the foreign tourist, seemed to be least able to adjust to this change. He spent the summer and the treasure of Murthly trying to turn back the clock to 1833. As the plea-

dered, the bad sports making their way back to Missouri in high dudgeon. Stewart and the good sports followed in late September. Then, in New Orleans, for reasons never explained, Stewart had an emotional and terminal quarrel with Clement. This odd couple didn't meet again.

Stewart, now 48, returned to Murthly for good. The course of the last 25 years of his life was pretty much downhill. His relatives and tenants found him to be a contentious man whose one source of pleasure was his American acquisitions. One of the last of these was a 12-year-old boy, Franc, the son of a former New Orleans business associate. Franc came to Murthly just before the Civil War to have his manners polished and stayed on to become, by all accounts, a singularly foppish and snobbish young man. He was widely disliked, but Sir William doted on, and eventually adopted, the young American. This led to an open break between Stewart and George, his heir and natural son by Christina.

When Stewart died in 1871, apparently of pneumonia, there were persistent rumors that Franc had murdered him. However, the charges were never proved and Franc did not in fact inherit any of the Stewart lands or fortune. (Perhaps as something of a consolation prize, Franc stripped Murthly of some \$40,000 worth of furnishings and decorations and returned with them to Texas. There, he passed himself off as Lord Stewart until an enraged British House of Lords exposed his deceit.)

Stewart's final bitter years may have been no more or less than he deserved; he was a man whose character determined his fate. Yet, somewhere in the Western wing of our gallery of folk history there should be a special niche for him. The Seventh Baronet of Murthly was the original American duke, the flashy, ornate mirror in whose reflection we see our wild and woolly heritage.



This portrait of Stewart was rendered after his last U.S. tour.

sure tour proceeded, he became an increasingly unreasonable and often savage martinet in a vain effort to make his playboys deport themselves as old-fashioned frontiersmen. The young gentlemen were cowed, but not convinced. The more sullen of them began to speak of their demanding host as "His Omnipotence." After a make-believe rendezvous was staged on the Green River, where the last genuine gala of this sort had been held three years before, about half the party

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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 3-9

Compiled by ARMEN KETEVIAN

**BASKETBALL**—More than once early this season New Jersey Forward Back Williams led in a week, but the Nets' lack of a floor leader—a clutch player Jersey could count on to air it out—has hurt Williams. He was traded to Kansas City in the off-season. Now, it seems the Nets have filled that void—or the Milwaukee Bucks did when they traded Forward Mickey Johnson to the Nets on New Year's. Johnson's arrival, the Nets have won 18 of 28, 15 of their last 19 and through last week a club-record nine straight. In victories over Milwaukee (102-95), Phoenix (104-93), Chicago (111-90) and Detroit (119-92), Johnson had 34 points and 34 assists, including a career-high 32 assists against Phoenix. The Nets still trail Philadelphia by seven games in the Atlantic Division, principally because the Nets' 23-5 record is the best in the NBA. In stretching in latest win streak 10 seven games, they edged Pacific Division-leading Los Angeles (123-120) in overtime. The Nets, won when Andrew Toney, who had 28 points, banked a driving shot off the glass with five seconds left in OT. Still, the game's most spectacular play was John Erickson's maverick dunk over Michael Cooper with 2:17 left in OT. That put Philly up by four. In the Central Division Milwaukee maintained a six-game lead over Atlanta which slipped into second place, while in the Midwest race, Kansas City and San Antonio stayed deadlocked in their season-long fight for first place.

**PRO FOOTBALL**—On the NFL side of Round 1 of the Super Bowl Tournament, Washington beat the Cleveland Browns 31-7. Green Bay moved to Los Angeles edged Atlanta 30-24 and Dallas beat Tampa Bay 30-17. In the AFC, the Los Angeles Raiders defeated Cleveland 27-17. Miami defeated New England 28-13. San Diego's second Pittsburgh 34-24 and the New York Jets defeated Cincinnati 44-17 (page 14). This weekend's conference semifinal matchups: Minnesota at Washington and Detroit at Dallas in the NFC. San Diego at Miami and New York at L.A. in the AFC.

**GOLF**—A.D. MORRISAN defeated Lanny Watkins and Cuzco Strasser in a sudden-death playoff to win the \$100,000 Tucson Open. All three men completed regulation play in a nine-under-par 271 (page 30).

**HOCKEY**—Only seven of the NHL's 21 teams played better than 500 hockey for the week and did vary, perhaps, three of the seven worst division leaders. Philadelphia's 3-0 record led the Flyers eight points up in the Patrick Division. Boston scratched its Adam Davidson escapes from two to four points, over Montreal with a 2-0-1 week. The Bruins dominated the Canadiens 2-1 in second-period goal five minutes apart from Ayra C. Crowder and Barry Pederson. Norris Division leader Chicago stumbled a bit with a 2-2 week and has now dropped five of its last eight games. Edmonton, led by Nihil, points leader Wayne Gretzky (33 goals and 70 assists for 103 points), 35 more than runner-up Denis Saurade of Chicago, lost a perfect 1-0 week by losing to Detroit 4-1. The Oilers who had scored at least four goals in each of their games Dec. 9 now lead league's winners by 14 points. Another bright spot was the sudden production spike of Toronto. The Leafs, 10-21-8 on the year, made it seven straight without a loss by beating Washington (3-1) and Los Angeles (1-1) and tying New Jersey 4-4. The 10 wins they broke a 35-game winless streak the road for Toronto dating back to Jan. 31, 1982.

**INDOOR SOCCER**—Mills, Cleveland held to a half-point Eastern Division lead even though second-place Chicago, winner of six straight, beat Cleveland 11-2 and Memphis 8-3 to run its record to 1-2-5. New York remained one of five Eastern teams above 500 but fell to fifth place. The Aeros lost their first home game of the season, 2-2 to Buffalo, as Alex Tamas and Dennis Maguire each scored two goals for the Seals. In the Western Division Wichita moved a half-point ahead of Phoenix. The Wings closed the week with a 2-2 win over Pittsburgh, for their third straight victory and eighth in their last 16 starts.

**SWIMMING**—Seven world-class marlin were set during the 19th U.S. International in a 25-meter pool in Indianapolis. Host JEFF KOSTOFF surprised

Vladimir Salnikov's year-old 800 freestyle heat by 3:71 seconds with a 2:44.43. Buffalo's Mark Drake reduced his world-best time in the 300 free by 19 seconds to 1:56.35 and set another world best mark with a 53.99 in the 100-meter freestyle, 65 seconds faster than his previous record set 11 months ago, while KRISTIN OTTO eclipsed her standard in the 100-meter backstroke by 5 seconds with a 59.47. COBENIA SIKR, H won the 200-meter backstroke in 2:17.78, improving her own record of 2:08.54, set last month. In addition, East German women set world-best marks in both the 400-meter medley and 800-meter relays.

**TENNIS**—SYLVIA HANIKKA upset top-seeded Martina Navratilova 6-2, 6-3, 7-5 to win a \$15,000 tournament in Washington.

**TRACK & FIELD**—ROBERT WEIR of SMU set a world indoor record by throwing the 35-pound weight 77' 6 1/2" at the Diamond Relays in Houston, N.H. Weir broke his previous best of 76' 11 1/2" set by Valtteri Sipilä of the Soviet Union in 1979.

**MELPODES**—FIREB by the Los Angeles Rams, Coach RAY MALAWAN, 27, following a 2-7 season, the club's worst in 20 years. In his first season Malawian had a 40-33 record and led the Rams to two division titles and a berth in the 1980 Super Bowl, by the Kansas City Chiefs, 45-40, of the NFLV, 56, after five year mark of 31-42.

**HERED** As football coaches at Miami of Ohio, TIM ROSE, 41, defensive coordinator for the Redskins for the last five years, at Baylor (former Alabama Assistant Coach) DRUCE, 41, at Indiana, SAM WYCHALK, 38, formerly quarterback coach of the San Francisco 49ers, at Cornell, MAJIE ZEIGMAN, 44, formerly defensive coordinator for the Denver Colts.

**NAMED** The Eclipse Horse of the Year, CONQUISADOR CLEO, winner of seven of nine 1982 starts, including a 140-length victory in the Belmont Stakes. In the closest Eclipse bidding in history, the 3-year-old colt edged Lenny Gold and the late Landalusa in a meteoric run.

**PARDONED** by Ohio-Governor James A. Rhodes, housing promoter DON KING, of a manslaughter conviction arising from the 1964 death of one Samuel Jackson in Cleveland. King served four years of a one-to-two sentence before being granted parole in 1971. Rhodes said that in meeting him, he was impressed by the many letters, including those of Jesse Jackson, Corleto Scott King and Cleveland Browns owner Art Modell, he received endorsing King's pardon.

**PENALIZED** by the NCAA, the Wichita State football program, for 1982 recruiting violations committed by Coach Willie Jeffries, Assistant Coach Floyd Brown and an unnamed graduate aide. The four-year NCAA sanctions for the Shockers from postseason competition in 1983 and 1984 and from appearing on television during those years, and reduces football scholarships from 30 to 25 for each of those years. The NCAA is taking follow-up university action in which both Jeffries and Brown's salaries were frozen at 1982 levels, and both were prohibited from receiving off-campus salary May 1 of 1983. It was the seventh time the NCAA has imposed penalties against Wichita State since the enforcement program began in 1952. The school's basketball team is now in the second year of a three-year probation.

**SIGNED** To a four-year contract for a reported \$400,000 by the USFL, Chicago Blitz, TIM SPENCER, 27, of Ohio State.

**TRADED** By St. Louis, Genevieve GILKIN HANLON, 25, and forward VALLAN DEMONIANAKY, 28, to the New York Rangers for Defenseman ANDRE DORRÉ, 24, and future considerations.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**DERICK YOUNG**  
WILMINGTON, N.C.

Derrick, a 5'8", 190-pound senior basketball player at Wilmore High, had 73 touchdowns in four years of varsity football, including a state high school record 31 in 1980, to break the South Carolina career high school mark of 69 set in 1978.



**KAMI ANDERSON**  
ARVING, N.J.

Kami, a 6-foot junior basketball center at Valley City High, set a state Class A tournament record of 47 points in the 19th Lincolns' 68-48 conquest of Fargo North. She connected on 21 of 24 shots from the floor and five of seven from the line.



**PAUL ZEHUSS**  
ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Zehuss, 34, an eye surgeon, shot holes in one on the local Bells. Heaver Country Club's 143-yard 6th hole and 166-yard 17th, during the same round. He used a four-wood and shot over water both times. He also pulled his own golf can.



**KATHLEEN SMITH**  
SAN ANTONIO

Kathleen, 16, won the intermediate division of TAC Junior Olympics Cross-Country without a scratch. She also won the AAU Cross-Country and the AAU TAC 3,000-meter track Junior Olympics titles for her age group.



**SEAN SHAPERT**  
COLUMBIANA, PA.

Sean, a sophomore forward and all-state pick at Moon High, scored a state high school record 65 goals and added 29 assists in leading the 72-4 Tigers to their league playoff semifinals in the school's first season of soccer competition.



**PATRICIA THOMAS**  
COLUMBIANA, PA.

Tracy, 14, learned with her father, John, a Life Master since 1974 and a college math professor, to use for fourth in a Master Pairs competition and also became the youngest girl to attain Life Master rank in the American Contract Bridge League.

### CREDITS

4-10—Lance Stewart; 11-12—Bryan Smith; 13-14—Vince Smith; 15-16—Murray Miller; 17-18—Jerry Wiggins; 19-20—Lance Stewart; 21-22—Lance Stewart; 23-24—Lance Stewart; 25-26—Lance Stewart; 27-28—Lance Stewart; 29-30—Lance Stewart; 31-32—Lance Stewart; 33-34—Lance Stewart; 35-36—Lance Stewart; 37-38—Lance Stewart; 39-40—Lance Stewart; 41-42—Lance Stewart; 43-44—Lance Stewart; 45-46—Lance Stewart; 47-48—Lance Stewart; 49-50—Lance Stewart; 51-52—Lance Stewart; 53-54—Lance Stewart; 55-56—Lance Stewart; 57-58—Lance Stewart; 59-60—Lance Stewart; 61-62—Lance Stewart; 63-64—Lance Stewart; 65-66—Lance Stewart; 67-68—Lance Stewart; 69-70—Lance Stewart; 71-72—Lance Stewart; 73-74—Lance Stewart; 75-76—Lance Stewart; 77-78—Lance Stewart; 79-80—Lance Stewart; 81-82—Lance Stewart; 83-84—Lance Stewart; 85-86—Lance Stewart; 87-88—Lance Stewart; 89-90—Lance Stewart; 91-92—Lance Stewart; 93-94—Lance Stewart; 95-96—Lance Stewart; 97-98—Lance Stewart; 99-100—Lance Stewart.



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**XEROX**

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## PRESIDENTIAL ATTITUDE DEFINED

Sir,

Clemson University has been the subject of a great deal of negative publicity in the past few months. Our football program and some individuals in and outside it were found to have violated numerous NCAA recruiting regulations. A number of the violations were extremely serious.

In all my statements on this matter, I have never tried to deny, excuse or minimize the significance of these violations. In fact, I have gone out of my way to apologize to the people of my state for the embarrassment this regrettable situation has caused us all. I have also taken steps to help ensure this situation will not arise at Clemson again.

I say this to let you know I am writing not to complain about the recent comments about me in the SCOREBOARD section of your magazine (Dec. 6), but rather to explain to you and your readers the context in which I made the remarks attributed to me there.

I have often made statements similar to the two you quoted about "sloppy procedures" and "letting someone steal a penny a day from your desk and not stopping them until they've stolen a thousand dollars." However, you drew an inference from those remarks that is 180 degrees wrong.

The points I have always made with those statements are: 1) that slack administrative procedures in athletics can create a climate in which both major and minor rules violations can occur and go undetected for a long time, and 2) that it would be better if the NCAA, the conferences, other schools—or whoever—would alert a college president to suspected rules infractions immediately, so that preventive action could be taken if warranted. Perhaps then the college president could take earlier corrective action to keep NCAA rules violations at his school from becoming epidemic.

You headlined your item about Clemson "Presidential Attitudes." While not denying your right to interpret my statements as you see fit, I do take issue with the practice of using, out of context, statements made on two separate occasions and juxtaposing them in such a way as to indicate an attitude that simply doesn't exist.

I feel an obligation as a university president to assure you, your readers, Clemson people, sports fans and my colleagues in higher education that my attitude is accurately reflected in the following statements, which were also made, publicly, in my response to the NCAA sanctions:

"We are a community of scholars. There is

no place in this community for cheating—in the classroom, in the laboratory or on the playing field."

"This university isn't going to wink at abuses of any kind, by anyone connected with any athletic program or any other program at Clemson. I'm interested in correcting our own situation, but in such a way that we can establish a model program for others."

"If—after all the time, resources and effort that have gone into this investigation—the NCAA and Clemson and college athletics aren't better off for having gone through all this, then we have wasted an awful lot of time."

BILL L. ATCHLEY

President  
Clemson University  
Clemson, S.C.

## THE HESDI AWARDS

Sir,

William Taffie did a wonderful, humorous job of highlighting the best and worst of sports telecasting in 1982 (TV/Radio, Dec. 27-Jan. 3). In particular, I commend him for recognizing Al Michaels as the best announcer. As a lifelong San Francisco Giants fan, I have always enjoyed Michaels' knowledgeable, exciting and unintrusive style. And anyone who had the pleasure of hearing Michaels during ABC's telecasts of the 1980 Olympic hockey games must certainly share my sentiments.

BARRY J. GOLDMAN-HALL  
Santa Clara, Calif.

Sir,

One of the awards Taffie offered in his otherwise amusing column was the "Hesdi Award for Persistence" to CBS for "sacking with *The NFL* Today week after week, strike or no strike." The fact is that *The NFL* Today was off the air for the final two weeks of the strike. NBC Sports' *NFL '82* was the only NFL pregame program not to be interrupted. During the strike *NFL '82* was televised live each week and was never off the air.

THOMAS S. MERRITT  
Director of Sports Information  
National Broadcasting Company, Inc.  
New York City

Sir,

I humbly accept your Hesdi Spitoon for Bad Taste in Local Sports Coverage, but giving me your feeble award can't erase the fact that you guys blew the entire coverage of the Slaughter of the Hogs '82. Not one word on Texas' 33-7 win over Arkansas. Where were you guys? Hanging out on an other firm somewhere? Who cares?

It's only fair that I return the favor and dole

out Vic's Brick to SI. Vic's Brick is thrown at national sports publications that display poor editorial judgment in crucial football situations. Hook 'em, Horns!

VIC JACOBS  
Sports Guy  
KTUV-TV  
Austin, Texas

Sir,

Please add to your Hesdi Awards, under the category of Most Heartwarming Shots, the regular-season finale between the Orioles and Brewers on ABC-TV. Howard Cosell finally did something profound by persuading his producer to keep the cameras on for the spontaneous, heartwarming, tearful ovation the Memorial Stadium fans gave Earl Weaver for his many years of outstanding service to the Orioles and the city of Baltimore. It was one of those rare historic moments captured live on TV.

JERRY WILLIAMS  
Lexington, Ky.

Sir,

One of the winners—or losers—you overlooked for your Hesdi Awards was ESPN, in the category of Least Interesting ESPN covered, via tape delay, the NCAA Division I championship soccer game between Duke and Indiana. As SI reported (*The Honors Hung in There*, Dec. 20), this was one of the most exciting college soccer games ever played, going eight overtimes and 159 minutes before Indiana triumphed 2-1. For some reason, ESPN decided to cut the first seven overtimes, depriving viewers of 60 minutes of nail-biting drama and excitement.

MARK ROMER  
Philadelphia

Sir,

Your list of the Hesdi Award winners was amusing, but even a casual reader of SI must wonder how you can stand behind criticism of cheesecake on network shows. William Taffie said, "Cheesecake shots of the cheerleaders prancing in the surf" were ludicrous, and he also attacked "unpurged low-angle shots of cheerleaders." Every year at about this time SI seems more than proud to publish cheesecake shots of models prancing in the surf under the lame guise of some sports theme.

ANDREA CHAMBLEE  
Clarksville, Md.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



What is needed in a time when people are keeping their cars longer, is a car people can be proud of longer. That's why, in 65 plants across the country, over 1000 Employee Involvement Groups have been established by Ford Motor Company and the UAW.

Their goal? Build the highest quality cars and trucks in the world. So you'll buy the results of their labor instead of someone else's. For example, members of this group at the Ford Lorain Assembly Plant set out to protect the 1983 Cougar's aerodynamic new body. Months before the first car was due to roll off the assembly line. They knew if their new Cougar was going to survive the rigors of the real world, it had to have a tough skin. So working with Ford management and engineers,

Lorain employees used their on-the-job experience to help set up new computer-guided spray equipment. A system specifically designed to apply paint and primer more uniformly to the Cougar's dramatic new shape. Thus enhancing the quality of the car's finish as well as its looks. And that's only one example of 129 employee-inspired quality improvements adopted by Ford management on the new 1983 Cougar. Employees speaking and management listening. Another reason Ford Motor Company

achieved the highest quality rating of any major

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